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The Shape of Things

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN HITLER AND Mussolini has, as usual, ended with an official announcement that the two dictators reached "complete agreement" on all issues. We would not be surprised if this time the statement were true for the unhappy Duce is hardly in a position to disagree with his partner any longer. Since their last meeting his armies have been soundly thrashed in Albania and Libya, his fleet has been chased out of Taranto with heavy losses, and his East African Empire has begun to crumble. Moreover there is good reason to believe that the morale on his home-front, never very good, has seriously deteriorated. He must, therefore, have gone to Hitler as a suppliant begging for more aid, and if this has been promised to him we may be sure he was required to pay a steep price. German troops are occupying strategic points in Italy, German officials are everywhere, and German planes must be relied on to protect Italy's coasts and communications. Just what other forms Nazi assistance will take remains to be seen. A direct effort to rescue the Italian armies from their predicament in Albania and Libya seems unlikely, because of the physical difficulties of sending armies to these battlefields and because of German fears that they would be improperly supported by their ally. There are reports, however, of attempts to bully Greece into making peace by threats of invasion via Bulgaria in the spring. There are also renewed rumors to which London gives some credence of an offensive against Gibraltar. Meanwhile the dictators have to consider the problem of thwarting American aid to Britain. Their present line of propaganda is that they need not worry since it will come too late to affect the outcome of the war. We hope this argument spurs Congress.

*

THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND WAS ENtirely logical when it inaugurated its program of first-aid to its stricken partner by a sharp attack on a British convoy. For British naval ascendancy in the Mediterranean has been a prime factor both in the defeat of Graziani and in the success of the Greeks. For months the Italians have proved impotent to prevent the transport through "mare nostrum" of supplies and reinforce-

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ments for Egypt and Greece. Worse still, from their point of view, their own lines of communication with Libya have been rendered increasingly hazardous and Graziani has had to face the British onslaught while half-starved of essential material. The arrival of Nazi dive-bombers in Sicily ends for the time being the immunity enjoyed by the British navy in the narrow waters between that island and Africa. Its losses in last week's battle were not crippling but were sufficiently serious to warrant special efforts to forestall a repetition. The Southampton, a modern first-class cruiser, was so seriously damaged that it had to be abandoned and sunk while the aircraft-carrier Illustrious was hit several time and is now believed to be at Malta where it is exposed to renewed attacks. However, the important convoy escorted by these and other vessels arrived safely at its destination. At the same time these attacks have cost the Germans a good many Stukas and they have also suffered from heavy raids on their base at Catania. It remains to be seen whether this new menace will force the British to use the much longer Cape route for their convoys and restore to Italy its communications with Libya. It must be remembered that the range of the Stuka is limited and it should be possible for ships to transverse the danger zone under cover of night.

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THE INAUGURATION OF FRANKLIN DELANO Roosevelt was a solemn rather than a gala occasion. Crowds stood in the clear icy air for hours to get a glimpse of the President who enters his third term in office at one of the most critical moments in our national history. Demonstrations of enthusiasm were frequent but the atmosphere of the ceremony itself was serious, even portentous. And the President's address conveyed the same tone, though both his voice and his words expressed vigorous confidence in the country's future. One of the first official acts to be made known after the inauguration was the appointment of John G. Winant as Ambassador to London. Mr. Winant has many qualifications for the most important diplomatic post. He is sincerely liberal; his interest for years past, particularly as head of the International Labor Organization, has centered in bettering living and working conditions for the masses in all countries. He is also wholly free from any taint of appeasement; his opposition to fascism in all forms is unqualified. He is an attractive person—simple, direct, democratic in manner and feeling. These are fine qualities for the American envoy, especially at a time when Labor is assuming more and more power in the direction of British affairs. But it is also unfortunately true that Mr. Winant is temperamentally both slow to make up his mind and slow to act. It is fortunate that he will be accompanied by a minister experienced in business who will handle negotiations dealing with shipments of war supplies from the United States.

THE RECONCILIATION BETWEEN PETAIN AND Laval is a sign that the "noose" around the French neck has been given another twist. Ever since Laval was ousted on December 13, negotiations between Vichy and Berlin have been virtually suspended. Hitler has ignored the personal letter sent him by Pétain; no progress has been made toward the release of the two million prisoners. The amazing official explanation of Laval's comeback makes no mention of these matters. It insists that the former vice-Premier's dismissal was for imperious reasons of domestic policy which could not be explained to the public: "as a result there was a certain amount of confusion in many minds, which the Paris newspapers did not hesitate to exploit and increase." Since the press in occupied France is entirely pro-Nazi and hand-in-glove with Laval, this is tantamount to an accusation of disloyalty against the latter. Yet, the official statement goes on to explain Pétain has reestablished relations with him in the interests of national unity. At the same time, Vichy reiterates its determination not to use the French fleet against the British and to guard the integrity of the French empire. We wonder how long these brave words will remain uneaten. If Laval again takes charge of negotiations with the Nazis, as seems probable, we can be sure he will do his best to afford Hitler that form of collaboration which he most needs—effective aid against the British Navy.

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AN EDITORIAL IN THE *NATION* LAST WEEK told how the majority of three members of the Smith committee not only filed a report without consulting its two dissenting members, but filed it too late for the minority to prepare a dissent before the last session of the old Congress. We are glad to report that as one result of that editorial Chairman Howard W. Smith, chairman of the committee, promised on the floor of the House to ask unanimous consent for a suspension of the rules in order to permit the filing of a minority report. Another result was a bitter attack on *The Nation* by Chairman Smith and Congressman E. E. Cox of Georgia. After reading their speeches and the able reply made by Congressman Arthur D. Healey we see no reason to alter our comment on the conduct of the Smith committee majority. We still feel, in the words of the minority statement issued by Congressman Healey and Senator Abe Murdock, that the "circumstances surrounding the issuance of the final report . . . do not . . . reflect an impartial fact-finding investigation." The report, as issued, contains no indication that it is not a unanimous one, a procedure which we still believe merits the formal rebuke of the House. The plane on which *The Nation* was attacked may be judged from Congressman Cox's statement that this journal "is as nasty a sheet as soils the newsstands of this country. It is fit for one thing, and it is hardly fit for that."

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IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA IF NAVY DEpartment officials took the trouble to read the Walsh-Healey Act before they tell Congressional committees and the public that it is interfering with defense. Rear Admiral Towers, who has shown an anti-labor attitude in the past, told the House Naval Affairs Committee last week that the Walsh-Healey Act was slowing up defense because subcontractors were unwilling to subject themselves to its terms. It is interesting to note that airplane manufacturers did not make this complaint. It is amusing to record that the day after the Rear Admiral's testimony the Department of Labor issued a statement pointing out that subcontractors are exempt from the wage-and-hour provisions of the act and always have been. Subcontractors are subject only to provisions requiring certain minimum precautions as to sanitation and safety. The Rear Admiral, intentionally or unintentionally, may have aided the lobbies fighting the Walsh-Healey Act but he was hardly contributing to smooth operation of the defense program by his statement. Incidentally, the House Naval Affairs Committee heard a long list of spokesmen for the aircraft industry explain why plane production cannot be speeded up appreciably by new methods, but has yet to hear Walter P. Reuther testify on his plan for making 500 planes a day.

*

DESPITE SOOTHING STATEMENTS TO THE contrary by E. R. Stettinius, now priorities chief of the Office for Production Management, there seems to be an actual shortage of aluminum. It had earlier been thought that Stettinius was merely being disingenuous when he said there was no shortage, for it has been known that there is a dearth of finishing capacity. Now an exclusive story by C. P. Trussell, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun,* reveals that the Reynolds Metal Company is unable to get assurance of enough raw aluminum from the Aluminum Company of America to take care of orders from airplane companies. Trussell cited letters and a memorandum which indicate that Stettinius knew that Reynolds Metal was having trouble procuring aluminum at the time he issued his reassuring statements. Were they designed to allay growing criticism of the fact that the nation's needs in so vital a raw material are at the mercy of one great monopoly? The TNEC believes that the Mellon monopoly has been restricting production to maintain prices. The committee's chairman, Senator O'Mahoney, has been making a private survey of his own and it was this which elicited the Reynolds correspondence. Reynolds, which has a government loan to build an ingot plant, will become the Aluminum Company's only competitor in this field. Perhaps this has something to do with its inability to obtain aluminum ingots for its two fabricating plants.

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF JIM CROWISM AT THE expense of national defense is cited in a letter written by Senator Wagner to Defense Director William S. Knudsen. A few weeks ago *The Nation* published an article revealing that Negroes are denied the right of serving as pilots in the Air Corps or as officers in the regular army, and are seriously discriminated against in all branches of the service. It now appears that this discrimination has been carried into the defense industries at the expense of vital production. Senator Wagner asserts that certain airplane plants have turned down qualified Negro applicants "solely because of their race or color," even though skilled men are badly needed. Such discriminatory practices are forbidden, but there is no evidence that the Defense Commission has brought pressure against the offending companies. Speaking before a recent session of the Catholic Interracial Council, Charles H. Houston, former dean of the law school at Howard University, brought out additional evidence of discrimination in the armed services. He declared that except for a few Negroes who had enlisted as whites, the Marine Corps contained no Negroes and that the Navy accepted them only as messmen. Such practices, Mr. Houston rightly points out, are grist to the Nazi propaganda mills in Central and South America.

*

THE UNITED STATES IMMIGRATION SERVICE seems anxious to "overrule" the United States Supreme Court. It has rearrested Joseph G. Strecker and ordered him held for deportation proceedings. Strecker was arrested once before for deportation on the ground that he was a member of the Communist Party. He asserted that he attended a Communist meeting in 1932, that he donated 60 cents and was given a party card, that he didn't know what the card was for and never attended another meeting or paid dues again. The case was fought for six years. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans held that membership in the Communist Party was not sufficient proof that an alien was deportable as one who wished to overthrow the government by "force and violence." The Supreme Court upheld the Circuit Court, but on somewhat narrower grounds. It said that the fact that Strecker had *once* been a member of the Communist Party was not grounds for deportation. The Smith Alien and Sedition law passed by Congress last year contained a provision designed to "correct" the Supreme Court's decision. The word is quoted from a statement made by Congressman Smith to our Washington editor last week. The new provision was intended to make past membership in the Communist Party grounds for deportation. The Supreme Court will now have to decide squarely whether membership in the Communist Party is sufficient evidence of intention to overthrow the government by force to warrant deportation.

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Let Congress Investigate

THE National Labor Relations Board has issued proposed findings and a proposed decision in the case concerning the Ford motor company plant at Kansas City. This will be the tenth Labor Board decision against Ford, and this one like its predecessors involves the use by Ford of methods which can only be described as totalitarian in their brutality and lawlessness. The facts, as the Labor Board proposes to find, are that between January, 1937, and September, 1937, the United Automobile Workers Union succeeded in enrolling more than 90 per cent of the workers at the Kansas City plant. It had achieved an oral understanding with the management as to shop stewards, lay-off procedure, and working conditions. On September 17 the plant closed for a change of model. When it reopened two months later, no members of the U. A. W. were taken back. All those hired had to show the blue card of the Independent Union of Ford Workers. The board proposes to order the reinstatement of 1,021 U. A. W. members, their reimbursement for pay lost, and the disestablishment of the Independent Union as a company-dominated labor union.

On March 27, 1937, the Kansas City *Star* carried an interview with Henry Ford in which he was quoted as advising his employees to stay out of unions. "Those who join," Ford was quoted as saying, "will be like the turkey—they'll get it in the neck eventually." *The Nation* would like to know, in Ford's words, whether Ford or the worker is to "get it in the neck." It would like to know whether he is to continue as the beneficiary of favoritism by the Defense Commission and the Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army despite his continued violations of the Wagner Act.

To give Ford a contract for so desperately needed a defense item as plane engines may be excusable, though the terms of the contract are very profitable and we find it hard to believe that Ford would not obey the Wagner Act if he had to. But whatever the pros and cons of the engine contract, there is no reason for the favoritism still being shown Ford on the $1,400,000 contract for "midget cars," the details of which were first revealed by the Washington editor of *The Nation* in our issue of December 14. As our readers will recall, in this case the General Staff of the army was blackjacked by the Defense Commission into giving Ford a contract for a certain type of military car which a small manufacturer had developed and was fully able to supply. One contract went to this small manufacturer for 1,500 cars for extended field tests. The General Staff did not wish to place more orders until after these tests were completed. Ford had not shown that he could meet specifications on the car, the most important of which was a maximum weight of 2,000 pounds. Army experts feel that a heavier car would lose its usefulness and had originally tried to obtain a 1,000-pound car. Since the appearance of *The Nation's* article, Ford has succeeded in getting the specifications raised to 2,160 pounds—the weight he can match. He has also obtained priority over the small manufacturer on the axles, the "bottleneck" in production of this midget car. *The Nation's* Washington dispatch had predicted that these would be Ford's next steps.

Both the President and Secretary of War Stimson were misinformed as to the true facts about this Ford contract; it was represented to them as a contract for an essential article that could not be obtained in sufficient quantity without Ford. We believe that if the President, as Commander-in-Chief, calls in his Chief of Staff General Marshall, he will find that the facts as *The Nation* has reported them are correct and that the award of this contract to Ford was scandalous favoritism and a gratuitous slap in the face of labor. *The Nation* believes this contract cries out for a Congressional investigation, that an inquiry will show that military efficiency is being impaired by this kind of favoritism to Ford and that he seems to have altogether too much influence in both the Defense Commission and the Quartermaster Corps.

The contract is far from being a fait accompli. So far as *The Nation* can learn it has yet to be actually drafted and signed. If the original specifications are restored, as army experts would like them to be, Ford will be unable to meet specifications and the award can be voided. If the contract contains a clause requiring Ford to obey the labor laws, he will probably—as Washington representatives have boasted—refuse to sign the contract. Here lies the War Department's way out.

Eire Plays with Fire

A NUMBER of recent events suggest that Ireland's day of reckoning is not far off. Rumors of German invasion are becoming more insistent. Domestic difficulties, including a serious shortage of food, have brought the war to Eire despite its attempt to remain neutral. And within the past week the British press has started a campaign urging the government to reclaim its former naval bases with or without Ireland's consent.

A majority of the Irish people undoubtedly support Prime Minister de Valera in his determination to keep Eire out of the war; the question is how long he can continue to walk a tight rope on the edge of the Battle of Britain. The very strength of British resistance is an invitation to the Nazis to attempt to close Britain's back door by seizing Ireland. Although the occupation of Ireland would bring the Germans no closer to Britain than they are now, the establishment of Nazi air and

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naval bases on the island might make an invasion of England unnecessary.

Eire's defenses against a German attack are negligible. Periodic attempts have been made to build up its forces, but at most it has no more than 250,000 poorly equipped soldiers and no navy or air force worthy of the name. The British navy and the R. A. F., paradoxically enough, are the bulwark of Irish neutrality. Britain is also reputed to have an army of 250,000 first-class troops in Northern Ireland ready to resist a Nazi invasion. With the aid of the Irish, whose fighting abilities are well known, the British can make an invasion of Ireland difficult and costly, but without air and naval bases in Eire it is doubtful that they could prevent Hitler from seizing the island if he threw his full strength into the attempt. Although the Germans describe the series of bombings in the vicinity of Dublin during the first week of January as a "regrettable mistake," they were in all probability reconnaissance flights preparatory to more decisive measures later on.

Nazi charges that the British government intends to reoccupy the naval bases may for once have some foundation. There can be no question that the bases are of the utmost importance in protecting British sea lanes to the Western Hemisphere from attack by Nazi planes and submarines. As a matter of fact, the protection of these sea lanes is almost as vital to Ireland as it is to Britain, since Ireland, too, is suffering acutely from the German blockade. But although dependent on British sea power for the food and raw materials necessary to keep its people alive, Ireland has stubbornly refused to consider restoring the needed bases even temporarily. Churchill has done everything within his power to impress on De Valera the danger of his course. The possibility of unity between North Ireland and Eire has been brought forward as an inducement. But like the Dutch and Belgians a year ago, the Irish have clung to the illusion that no one would attack them if they maintained a scrupulous neutrality—and they have regarded a leasing of the bases as a departure from strict impartiality. Having exhausted all possibility of persuasion, the British government may be forced in self-defense to seize the bases without consent of the Irish government.

It is to be devoutly hoped that this extreme action can be avoided. For Britain can ill afford to resort to the tactics of the totalitarian aggressors even in self-defense. But it is clear that Eire cannot enjoy the advantages of British protection indefinitely without accepting some of the responsibility. This does not mean that Ireland necessarily need enter the war. The leasing of the bases to Britain will not precipitate a Nazi invasion unless Hitler has already decided to attack. And it might prevent it. For the existence of strongly fortified air and naval bases on the southern coast matching the powerful defenses in Ulster would make invasion extremely difficult.

The "Loyal Opposition"

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE PRESIDENT'S aid-to-Britain bill will go through. It will be modified, no doubt, as it should be, but in the end Mr. Roosevelt will get the powers necessary to meet an emergency that is great now and sure to grow worse in the months immediately ahead. The opposition to the bill is not to be gauged by its noise and truculence. It is a weak opposition representing, I am sure, minority opinion. Joseph P. Kennedy's speech was temperate in tone but essentially specious and contradictory. And in general the attack on the bill has been violent and self-defeating. Senator Wheeler's inexcusable taunt that according to the President's plan every fourth American boy would be "plowed under" disgusted even vigorous opponents of aid to England. The various interventions of Roy Howard are having a similar effect. Perhaps his recent heroic success in pushing William Allen White out on a rather shaky limb went to Mr. Howard's head, because he then tried to work the same trick on Wendell Willkie.

But Mr. Willkie is tough, apparently quite as tough as Mr. Howard himself. When Howard urged him to oppose the aid-to-Britain bill, he refused; when Howard urged him at least to come out for serious modifications, he refused again. Then, according to informed reports of the episode both published and unpublished, Howard threatened to "break" Willkie politically if he persisted in supporting the measure. Mr. Willkie persisted, and for his integrity and plain speech he deserves much credit. Perhaps, recalling November 5, he found consolation in reflecting that the enmity of Roy Howard may be less costly than his friendship. In any case that reflection will encourage supporters of the President's bill for by this time it has become almost an axiom that people and measures which are assailed by Howard and his general staff of columnists are not only apt to be good; they are also apt to be victorious. The same is true of the objects of the Chicago *Tribune's* venomous attacks. People discount them and begin to suspect that some motive of self-interest lies behind this unaccustomed passion for peace and pure democracy. And the more closely they look the better reasons they find for their suspicions.

The real root of the objection to sending all possible aid to Britain is beginning to emerge. It has been exposed by the innocent Mark Sullivan in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Mr. Sullivan professes to favor sending supplies to England but he asks plaintively every few days what in the name of Herbert Hoover are we planning to salvage over there. Will it be socialism? Some of the columnists—even including Mr. Sullivan's next-page neighbors—say it will be and so do the British Labor

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people; if they are right, Mr. Sullivan believes we'd better think twice before we decide to help defeat Hitler. Mr. Howard, according to reports, is no less worried by the specter of socialism in England and by the large part Labor leaders are playing in the Churchill government. And even the carefully chosen words of Mr. Kennedy betray the same set of fears. He warns us that a protracted war may leave Europe a prey to Russian ambition and conjures up a picture of our sons and grandsons patrolling the Continent to put down revolutions.

And so, once more, as in Britain under Chamberlain, the reactionaries begin to ask whether the defeat of fascism is really as important as the maintenance of the *status quo (again forgetting, in their panic, the fate of* capital and "free enterprise" in the countries under Nazi control); only this time they cast fearful glances toward a "socialist" England just as their British counterparts worried over "socialist" Spain and "socialist" France in 1936 and 1937 and 1938. And when one sees this same mood arising, these same tactics emerging in the fight against an American policy of resistance to the dictators, one is tempted to despair. But only for a moment. If Roy Howard and Herbert Hoover and William R. Castle and Charles A. Lindbergh would rather risk fascism than the chance of social change, their preference is shared by very few people.

It is true that new social arrangements will inevitably emerge from the vast destruction of the war; it is true that, if fascism is defeated, popular uprisings are almost certain to occur throughout Europe, and in Britain the balance of power will shift toward the workers and their allies in the middle classes. It is not to be expected that Mr. Howard and his fellow appeasers enjoy that prospect. Nor can it be denied that for all of us the future holds threat as well as promise. The most one can hope for at a time of great decision like the present is an honest appraisal of the alternatives. If Britain is actually defeated, its democracy wiped out, its navy sunk or captured, its Empire taken over—what in cold fact will be in store for us and for the world? Secretaries Hull and Stimson and Knox have answered this question; in addition they have said as clearly as they dared that such a catastrophe is not only possible but almost certain unless help to Britain from America is enormously increased—and quickly. They have answered, but apparently the appeasement clique distrusts their facts or their judgment. Otherwise it would give up its suicidal opposition; the men I have named may be shy of social vision, but they are not traitors.

The facts, however, are all too clear. The testimony of the department heads has been backed by the figures of experts in the government and by private research. The most impressive recent argument for increased shipments is to be found in a small book "Fivefold Aid to Britain" by Fritz Sternberg, who has contributed many articles on economic warfare to *The Nation* and other journals. Mr. Sternberg shows in graphic charts and compact sentences how far short of the necessities of the situation our efforts are falling. Even under the new defense budget our expenditures for military purposes will be less than Germany's at the start of the war and less than half the amount Germany is spending today after seven years of intensive rearmament. Experts believe that Germany's total airplane production in comparison with Britain's is 2½ to 1; Mr. Sternberg offers figures to show that it would be necessary to ship as many as 1,500 planes a month to England to overcome the Nazi lead. A similarly great increase in steel shipments is required. Today, out of our vast capacity of 83,000,000 tons, Britain is getting 8,600,000. This added to the steel production of the Empire provides a total of 25,000,000 tons, while Germany's resources, including the production of the occupied territory, amount to 42,000,000 tons. The United States must increase its steel shipments to 30,000,000 tons if Britain is to be given a safe margin for defense. Mr. Sternberg sums up the situation succinctly in terms of hours of work. Today while both Britain and Germany give four working hours daily to armament production, the United States gives thirty minutes to the same task. Under the fifty-fifty plan announced by the President—though not actually in effect—American industry devote fifteen minutes a day to producing Britain's war needs. If this could be increased to one hour, Britain would be saved. "One hour of American labor corresponds to production valued at $12,000,000,000 per year. Such a volume would soon enable Britain to equalize her armament production with that of Germany." So Mr. Sternberg.

As I said above I don't believe the fear of social change which, consciously or otherwise, dominates most of the leaders in the fight against increased aid to Britain is shared by the people in general. Nobody wants to see Europe collapse into a succession of civil wars and revolutions. But neither does anyone want or believe in a return to the do-nothing policies that wrecked the hope of collective security and gave Hitler his chance. The rise to power in England of Labor men and leaders of progressive thought may have frightened Mr. Sullivan, but it has given millions of Americans reason to hope that this war will not necessarily end in another period of reaction and nationalist conflict. The growing belief that capitalism in its old forms can never be revived will create enthusiasm rather than fear in the heart of the ordinary American. He is no socialist but he is a man who read Mr. Howard's newspapers and then went out and voted for Roosevelt. Today he will back the President's demand for emergency powers and help to England; and he will do it for much the same reasons.

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A Time for Candor

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 19

THIS is written at the close of the first week of hearings on the lease-lend bill before the House Foreign Affairs Committee. By the time this letter appears the fireworks will have begun. Kennedy, Norman Thomas, and Hanford MacNider will have been heard in opposition to the bill. Lindbergh and Hugh Johnson will be before the committee. Perhaps the sharpest impression left by the hearings so far is their undramatic character. The occasion itself is, in a word worn shabby on lesser events, historic. We may be on the eve of the greatest armed struggle of all time. The Navy Department is certainly thinking in terms of protecting Singapore; the War Department may well be thinking of a landing at Dakar. The State Department, in its own devious way, is dickering with Franco and Stalin, Chiang and Weygand. In Belgrade and in Ankara, the newspapers postpone their press time three hours so that they can present the full text of the American President's message to Congress. We are reaching out for imperial responsibilities and have become the focus of world-wide hopes and fears.

If 1776 stands as the symbol of our emergence from colonial status to independence, H.R. 1776 is the symbol of our determination a century and a half later to decide the destiny of the world. It seems foolish for isolationists to believe, after the extraordinary events of the past few years, that we can afford to make the same mistake about the British that the British made about the Czechs and the Spanish Republic. But it also seems unwise for interventionists to shut their eyes to the logic of the steps they propose and the commitments entailed. The lend-lease bill circumvents the Johnson Act and the Neutrality Act, perhaps also the national debt limitation.

It unquestionably places war-time powers in the hands of the President. The urgent necessities of the moment justify so sweeping a grant of authority, but they do not justify pretense in a situation that requires as much cool thinking as we can muster. The issues raised are momentous and deserve momentous presentation, but none of the Administration spokesmen during the first week of hearings was equal to the occasion.

First came Hull, as evasive as he always is with Congressional committees. He seems to find it hard ever to give a straight answer to a straight question. Morgenthau, flanked by five experts, whom he consulted on almost every question, was disarmingly meek, with the humility of a man who recognizes his own limitations. Stimson was franker and commanded more respect than either, but like Hull seemed appallingly the elderly gentleman caught up in a world of lightning war. Knox showed a vigor that they conspicuously lack and Knudsen seemed consciously the bashful Great Dane exploiting his natural charm. All five put together added very little to our knowledge of the lease-lend bill, and the aggregate impression left by their testimony was not one of candor.

The House Foreign Relations Committee is no repository of genius, but after watching it for a few days one gets to like its members. They are as American as apple pie. The absence of brilliance makes them seem all the more representative of the decent democratic average, and with few exceptions they seem sincerely trying to do ther best. The questions they ask tend to fumble, but so do the questions that most people ask about the bill, and in most cases they deserved plainer answers than they got. The committee has its oddities, chief among them its chairman. Sol Bloom perches his black ribboned pince nez on his nose at the angle of George Arliss playing Disraeli, but there the resemblance ends. Johnson of Texas, the ranking majority member, seems to be the brains on the Democratic side. To the majority members the hearings so far have seemed a formality. They already have the votes needed for passage in both Senate and House.

Secretary of War Stimson

The House Foreign Affairs Committee is split along straight party lines on this bill; the handsome gray-haired Eaton of New Jersey seems to be the only Republican for it. The Republican members on the whole give an impression of genuine concern and sincerity, and I think no greater mistake could be made than to call their honesty and patriotism into question. Mrs. Rogers and Vorys of Ohio, stand out in this respect. I must confess that I took a dislike to Mundt of South Dakota, and some of his pettifogging questions. Fish, the ranking minority member, could not suppress a smirk of satisfaction as the camera flashlights boomed at the opening of the hearings and Tinkham gave the appearance of a ham actor play-

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ing prosecutor. Some of his questions deserved a better source and he made what was perhaps the most incisive remark of the first week of hearings. He asked Morgenthau whether the President could give away the Navy under the lend-lease bill and the Secretary replied that he thought that a violent assumption. "We are living in days," Tinkham retorted, "when the most violent assumption is apt to be the most correct assumption." No one recalled to him that he and his fellows regard it as a "violent assumption" that the United States will be in danger from the Third Reich if Great Britain is defeated.

A certain air of unreality has hung over the hearings so far, as of persons going through the motions before reaching a foregone conclusion. The Administration spokesmen said what was expected of them, and evaded most of the crucial questions. The Republicans for the most part fell back into the old rut of suspecting Roosevelt of intending to make himself a dictator; they have cried "wolf" so often that they can hardly take themselves too seriously. Much of the time the Republican members, as their party colleague Eaton complained, were chasing up "rabbit tracks" rather than keeping to the main issues. The feeblest theorizing of the hearings was Hull's excuse that we were substituting the "law of self-preservation" for international law; the one novel idea put forward was Knox's proposal for a customs union of all the nations in the Western hemisphere. Both Stimson and Knox will no doubt blush in the near future over their assurances to the committee that there is no intention under the bill to convoy merchant ships to Great Britain. It is hard to see what else we can do to lend additional aid to Britain within the next few months. For behind the question of lending or leasing materials to Britain is the more basic question of manufacturing these materials in sufficient time and quantity to be of help.

To the solution of this question the bill makes no contribution. The hearings themselves do, but in an unintended form. One came away from them impressed by the need for younger and abler leadership if the giant bureaucracies of army, navy, and business are to be shaken out of their customary ways of doing things. Until they are, the inadequacy of our present production effort and its business-as-usual pace will continue to endanger not only our British outpost but our own security.

Brains for the Army

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

YESTERDAY'S American army is vanishing with the delivery of each new order for modern equipment and the induction into service of each new group of conscripts. Small in numbers and unable either to inflict or withstand a *Blitzkrieg*, it simply failed to measure up to the demands of total war. There can be only one real reason for regret at its disappearance, and that is the fact that too little close analysis of its deficiencies was made as the basis for planning the army of tomorrow. Between May and August, 1940, the War Department changed its mind half a dozen times regarding the size and make-up of the force which should constitute America's future army. Expert recruited armies of first 280,000, later 400,000, were discussed and then rejected as it became apparent that the Congressional demand for defense would support a mass force based on conscription.

Some of the weaknesses of the old American army stood out plainly. Anyone acquainted with military affairs knew that it was deficient in artillery and tanks, that most of its planes were too old, that the supply of ammunition was inadequate and in poor condition. Even worse was the condition of our coast defenses, particularly along the Atlantic seaboard. Guns were of short range and were not camouflaged; the mine-planting service had been dismantled; garrisons at the forts amounted to little more than caretakers. Now in many respects the army can be said to be modernized: it has unlimited funds at its disposal, it can draw on the industrial capacity of the country, and it has obtained, through conscription, a sufficient supply of men. But more needs to be done if we are to have a strong military force. We need to be assured that 1941 weapons are not to be directed by 1918 brains.

The abundant current literature dealing with the fall of France has had one bad effect. Written chiefly by civilians, it has tended to underemphasize the purely military aspects of the French defeat. There can be no doubt that even if no fifth column had operated, France would still have been vanquished, though possibly the collapse would have been slower and less complete. When the Germans opened their attack they were estimated to have eighty divisions as against sixty-five Allied divisions—a difference in numbers too small to be decisive in any battle fought according to World War patterns. Germany won this battle not by weight of numbers but because its attack embodied a complete revolution in military science.

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There is not space to review all the reasons for the German military success. To some extent they are already rather widely known. Bombing by planes took the place of artillery fire in preparing the way for the successive attacks of break-through tanks, assault tanks, motorized infantry, and, lastly, regular infantry. This method of attack, together with the use of parachute troops and plane bombing to disrupt enemy communications, constituted Hitler's revolution in the science of war. Lieutenant General Drum, one of our more alert soldiers, has analyzed the reasons for German success as follows: (1) air superiority coupled with close coordination between air and ground forces; (2) attacks by heavy and light tanks, preceded by aerial bombardment and closely supported by mechanized infantry; (3) the use of large mechanized forces; (4) speed, intense fire power, and continuity of pressure; (5) highly trained officers and men prepared for the performance of their exact roles; (6) simplified supply. To these might well be added the fact that the High Command was much younger and, above all, better supplied with and more hospitable to new ideas than that of any other army in the world. This condition really made possible many of the other factors in German success. Against young men and new methods the old generals and World War army of France never had a chance.

Even more than modern equipment, then, a strong military force needs a progressive, forward-thinking High Command. In our own army there are plenty of officers who have both practical intelligence and vision. Dive-bombing was first practiced in the United States army. The use of armored divisions was anticipated here as early as 1930; in the succeeding years our army had numerous champions of the increased use of tanks. Our designs for tanks and planes, as well as the few machines built on these designs, lead the world. No army aviators elsewhere can rival those of the United States in accurate bombing, though this fact is mainly due to the navy's invention of the world's best bomb sights.

Why, then, with this background of innovation, is our army now frantically aping the Germans? The reason is that in the American army the men with the best brains do not hold the highest jobs. Our army professionals in the higher ranks remain extraordinarily impervious to progress. Thus while American officers were the first to foresee *Panzer* divisions, their ideas were not utilized by the United States army but remained on paper—for the more alert Germans to copy and improve upon. After inventing dive-bombing as an aid to infantry attack, the Army Air Corps stupidly abandoned it. With the best types of planes and by far the best bombing in the world our army made a tardy attempt to coordinate aviation with infantry only in its latest maneuvers, and then with very indifferent success, according to observers.

For some of this backwardness Congressional niggardliness can be blamed. When the matter of appropriations came up, few persons in Congress insisted that the army, however small, should be thoroughly well equipped and up to date. But too much of the responsibility rests with the army itself. General Marshall, Chief of Staff, has been quoted as admitting that our army costs more than twenty times as much, in proportion to its size, as certain good foreign forces. A large part of this greater expense can be laid to higher pay and costlier equipment, but much of it is due to poor management and inefficiency. The United States has long maintained more than 170 army posts, scattered all over the country. The scheme affords many men an opportunity to command and provides political plums for certain districts, but it gives no good opportunity for maneuvers with modern weapons or large bodies of troops. These posts, moreover, most of them dating from the Indian wars, serve no conceivable defense purpose. And while this inefficient and expensive system has been eating up the funds, the army has on several occasions failed to spend the money appropriated for such a highly necessary but unpopular branch of the service as Chemical Warfare.

In the last maneuvers men went into action without specific instructions or more than a very general idea of the objective of their own operations. In some cases transportation of food broke down completely, and men were without food for more than a day. In the state of Washington officers and men were ordered to wear woolen uniforms in 100 degrees of heat and to employ candles and lamps instead of easily available electricity. The use of substitute weapons, the lack of essential supplies, and the greenness of the new men took away from the impressiveness of these mock battles.

Much of the mental heaviness in higher ranks is attributable to our method of promotion of officers. Few people connected with the navy regard its promotion practices as satisfactory, but the navy discarded forty years ago the method that is still used in the army—that of straight seniority. If he passes the routine examinations and has a record of reasonably good conduct, the army officer is assured of steady, if slow, advancement. There is no reward for new ideas or brilliant work. At times these may even be penalized, for new ideas sometimes create discomfort for a superior officer. Thus our scheme for advancement exalts mediocrity. While our officers are not, as a whole, as old as those of France, retirement at sixty-four being enforced, they are considerably older than men of the same rank in the modern Germany army, whose leaders from Hitler down have not permitted themselves to become enmeshed in the practices of the past.

With conscription the army is now getting a better class of privates. The recruiting campaigns of former years succeeded in attracting mainly the able-bodied misfits of civil life. In the old army the opportunity for

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advancement was strictly limited. Pay, while nominally equal to that in the navy, was in reality only a little over half as large, since the army had fewer high ratings, and promotion to them was much more difficult. With the increased mechanization of the modern army opportunity both for education and promotion should be broadened.

From some standpoints Germany's successes have been the best thing that ever happened to the United States army. They have jarred a sizeable number of the higher officers out of their complacency and forced them to consider new problems. In the making of the new American army three points of view are represented. A small number of our younger officers, the most intelligent and progressive of their calling, wish to carry the German revolution in army organization to its logical conclusion and mechanize a very large proportion of our army. They argue, with a great deal of truth, that an armored division is cheaper, in proportion to its greatly enhanced power, than any other type of organization. A less progressive but much more numerous group favors a very close copying of the German technique of war. They have been impressed by the tactics and success but have not fully grasped the innovating spirit of the German war machine. Officers of this type defend the use of horses and mules for transport and wish to have both *Panzer* divisions and huge forces of the older non-mechanized infantry, since the Germans also had both. They tend to overlook the main point of German tactics—that armored and mechanized units were employed to the greatest extent that equipment permitted, and that large forces of ordinary infantry were used, not because of any greater effectiveness, but because the introduction of machinery into war was less than complete. A third group, possibly the largest of the three, is still professionally asleep. It wishes to continue with the same organization and tactics as it used in the World War, or at best make only slight changes in procedure. The views of this group are represented in the practice of giving the new armored divisions only half the anti-aircraft equipment of the German *Panzer* units. Another example of this attitude is found in the report of a general who criticized the excessive movement of troops by truck rather than afoot in the last maneuvers.

In no branch of human endeavor is the lack of technical progress punished more severely than in the art of making war. Yet, paradoxically, no group seems in general more averse to progress than the oligarchy near the top of modern armies. Though the obsolescence of the entire military system of the past has been demonstrated by Hitler, our own army has been late in making a new start, late even in ordering what it needs. Much of its recent progress has been haphazard rather than the result of effort to reach a definite and well-considered goal. Mr. Knudsen does not believe we shall have the equipment for a force of two million men before July, 1944. Will new tactics, more effective organization, a more intelligent High Command, and an entirely new spirit of open-mindedness and progress be present even by July, 1944? The effectiveness of American defense depends upon the answer to this question.

Can Britain Be Stormed?

BY STEFAN TH. POSSONY

EVERYBODY expected Hitler to attempt the invasion of Great Britain last summer. The conditions seemed favorable. At the end of July England had almost no organized army; British fighting forces rescued from Dunkirk had left most of their equipment on the French shore; the R. A. F. was not in good form; the Home Guards, though already drafted, had not yet been organized; and the morale of the British people, who for the first time in centuries faced a serious threat to their own homes, was not of the best. Yet Hitler refrained from attacking. For this he must have had very strong reasons. What were they?

Since it is most unlikely that Hitler held back in the expectation of an early—and advantageous—negotiated peace, we may assume that the reasons were military. Evidently he lacked the military means necessary for the invasion of Great Britain—troops drilled for the specific purpose and material specially adapted to conditions of war across the Channel. German soldiers had been trained for war in Holland, Belgium, and France. They had been trained on replicas of French and Belgian fortifications constructed in Poland and had learned to attack these efficiently and to conquer them by subtle ruses. They knew how to achieve and how to exploit a break-through and could execute a war of movement. Not only was the German infantry prepared in this specialized manner, but the *Luftwaffe,* the *Panzer* divisions, the parachutists, and the motorized artillery could be employed efficiently only in western Continental Europe. It is to this special training that Germany's lightning victories may be attributed rather than to a qualitative or quantitative superiority of material. In addition the German General Staff had thought out countless stratagems and ruses to make even the strongest positions of

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the Allies worthless. Neither such training nor such artfulness can be improvised in a few weeks.

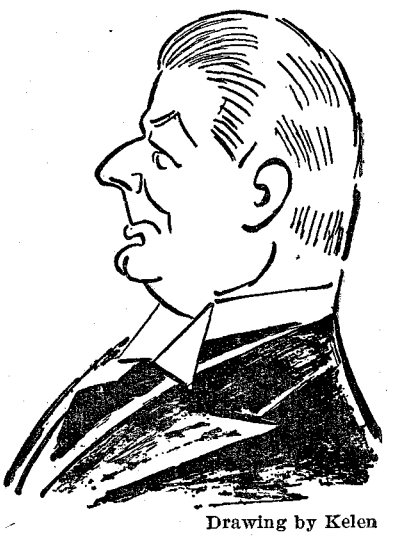
With the fall of France, Germany faced, across the Channel, an enemy of whose defense system it had no special knowledge. This system had to be thoroughly explored; then the tricks had to be thought out; and only after this preparatory work was done could drill be started. It takes many months for soldiers to learn entirely new tactics.

The first invasion plan was to use barges which could be piloted so near to the coast that the soldiers could jump ashore and make a traditional infantry assault. Apparently the Nazis have now abandoned this idea. It was unlikely that the British navy would let a large number of barges go through, and even more unlikely that disembarked infantry could crush the British defenses without the support of heavy arms. Hitler therefore felt constrained to postpone his invasion until he could improve his armaments and his soldiers' training. Otherwise he would have risked a new Gallipoli under dangerous conditions.

So far as weapons were concerned, most of those successfully used on the Continent would not be practicable to cover a landing. The most important weapons required for such a venture are amphibian tanks capable of crossing the Channel under their own power; swift armored barges provided with special runways and cranes for landing heavy material quickly under enemy fire—land tanks, guns, and airport supplies; an important number of speed boats (*E-Boote*) to prevent interference by the British navy; monitors to bring artillery to bear on landing operations; and, of course, airplanes, destroyers, and submarines to cover the flank of the invasion force. Of all these weapons Germany, in July, 1940, had only the *Luftwaffe* in sufficient strength. The production of everything else began only then.

Not much imagination is needed to foretell invasion strategy, once the necessary weapons are ready. The Nazis will attempt to paralyze and disorganize the British defense line by dive-bombing. They will make a feigned or even a real attack of secondary importance, against Ireland or Scotland, in order to start all British forces moving in the wrong direction. Using their entire naval force, including a new 35,000-ton battleship and possibly another ship of the same size, they will risk a sea battle, certainly not with the hope of destroying the British navy, but with the intention of crippling Britain's naval striking power, even if the price is the total sacrifice of the Nazi fleet. By mass use of speed boats they will attempt to neutralize superior British sea power. Such a hope is not quite so silly as it sounds, since rapidly zigzagging speed boats can be hit by naval artillery only by chance, and can almost never be hit by air bombs; they can therefore easily get close enough to their targets to discharge their two or four torpedoes. Of all surface warships speed boats probably offer the greatest danger to the British navy. Moreover, it is possible that Hitler has adopted the famous Japanese man-steered torpedo.

If Hitler succeeds in neutralizing the British navy and the R. A. F., then Great Britain must fall back on its coastal defense. This the Germans are confident they can crush with amphibian tanks, monitor gunnery, and dive-bombers. They rely especially on the insufficient caliber of British anti-tank artillery and on the speed and fire concentration of the monitors. Once a bridgehead is established—and it goes without saying that parachutists will play an important role in accomplishing this—once the British fleet is crippled and supply lines are organized, the *Blitzkrieg* can begin, and it will not be against a strong Maginot Line but against light field works. Having gained a foothold on the British Isles, the Nazis will then have the long-awaited chance to use the overwhelming quantity of material that gave them victory on the Continent.



Drawing by Kelen

A. V. Alexander, Laborite First Lord of the Admiralty

The situation might be considered very grave if Britain had neither improved nor increased its armaments since July, and if Germany had succeeded in producing all the material it lacked at that time. But these conditions fortunately do not exist. Instead of years of peace devoted exclusively to production of armaments, Germany has had only a brief time for the preparation of specialized material, and its efforts have been hampered by actual warfare. Even if, as is possible, the British blockade and air raids have not reduced the German war production very much, they certainly have not facilitated it. A decrease of the German armament output can therefore be assumed. Moreover, the new implements of war that Germany must now produce are much more complicated than those manufactured in the past. For instance, motors for speed boats, monitors, and amphibian tanks are of completely new design and must be higher-powered by far than even the best airplane motors. The present American experience is proof enough of the kind of bottleneck that may slow up the fabrication of even less complex motors. It is clear that Hitler's industrial situation has deteriorated at a time when his most difficult undertaking still lies ahead.

Disregarding the new planes which both sides may

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spring as a surprise in the decisive hour, German numerical superiority in the air has declined. Moreover, the *Luftwaffe* can help invading troops only in daylight operations, and its daylight attacks have been generally turned into smashing and costly defeat by the R. A. F.; the famous Stukas cannot be expected to repeat their earlier exploits. Over British soil they will not only be met by important fighter forces—in France they seldom saw enemy fighters—but by superior planes. Moreover, the British are now accustomed to the noise of dive-bombing. This is very important; French soldiers were not demoralized by the effect of the bombs but by their sirens. The English are too accustomed to them to be stampeded. That means that the Germans probably cannot conquer British positions by the *Luftwaffe* alone, but will be obliged to rely heavily on artillery. This necessity greatly increases the difficulties of invasion, since with only a bridgehead achieved, it will not be easy to bring artillery across the Channel or to organize the transport of bulky artillery supplies.

While no figures are available on the exact quantity of British material on hand, it is known that more than the minimum required for defense is available, and that a large increase is to be expected as soon as American supplies start flowing in. Theoretically, Britain already has sufficient to prevent the Germans from gaining a bridgehead, and certainly sufficient to block a *Blitzkrieg* on land. To this favorable quantitative ratio one must add the fact that most of the British armaments are now much superior in quality to the German. There is danger, however, that Britain lacks the specialized weapons it needs to fight speed boats, armored transports, and amphibian tanks in the Channel. For such targets England needs speed boats similar to those the aggressor will use, though with different equipment. Instead of torpedoes, British boats should carry anti-tank guns of large caliber, heavy machine-guns, and perhaps flame-projectors, and they must be well armored. Such boats would be the only efficient weapon against German invasion tactics.

Against the German navy when it seeks battle, equivalent British units must be used, equipped with mines, depth bombs, and torpedoes. If some of these weapons are lacking, England has developed other useful devices against invasion, such as burning oil released from underwater containers placed along the shore. Should an insufficient number of speed boats compel it to rely on the regular fleet, it will obviously suffer great losses, though there can be no doubt of the navy's ability to deal efficiently with large sea-borne invasion weapons of any kind. Therefore, even if we admit the feasibility of a few German bridgeheads on British soil, these will be established only at very great cost. To achieve them Hitler will not hesitate to sacrifice millions of human lives, including possibly the élite of his army, but such losses will lessen the striking power of the troops expected to carry on the attack against the defenses of Britain.

Let us examine the situation that will develop if Hitler by one device or another, and against all expectations, succeeds in launching a powerful attack from his bridgeheads. Britain will then be confronted with the danger that its military leadership and tactics will not be a match for German military leadership and tactics. If Britain is strongly armed, this will not matter very much. Successful defense with inferior armaments is, however, not practicable unless intelligence can be substituted for material. Given Britain's lack of medium and heavy tanks, the outlook would be bad if the British General Staff were still clinging to outdated French tactics. But if the British have really learned something, if they can make up for their material inferiority by mental and moral superiority, if they will use the weapons they have more intelligently than they used them in France, the outlook for England is excellent. Fortunately, the British General Staff did learn something in France. To be sure, there is still room for improvement in the British war administration, but Britain's best military brains are now employed at responsible posts, and the Libyan and Albanian campaigns, like the reorganization of the defense of the British Isles, show that British military leaders have finally adapted their ideas and methods to modern conditions.

Resistance to *Panzer* divisions does not necessarily require an equal number of tanks on the defender's side. If the defender has equality, of course no attack will be practicable. If the defender's tank inferiority is very great, he must rely on modern guerrilla tactics. To these the swift but almost blind armored cars are extremely vulnerable, especially when they are going through towns or along highways. Guerrilla tactics make use of natural obstacles, camouflage, explosives, hand grenades, fire, artificial fog. The tanks are attacked from close quarters, not from a distance as in France. Such tactics proved effective in Spain, where the Loyalists were completely without anti-tank artillery. For guerrilla tactics troops must be very well trained and in good condition. The defense must be organized in deep échelons, and the troops must be dispersed all over the country, but always in contact with strong *points d'appui*. If the *Panzer* divisions are continuously attacked by invisible fighters and impeded by numerous traps they will be decimated. The deeper they invade the country the less striking power they retain. Moreover, communications between the *Panzers* and the slower-moving infantry can be cut. Since without the support of tanks, infantry cannot break through well-defended lines, and since tanks without infantry cannot occupy terrain, any cutting off of the *Panzer* divisions is tantamount to stopping the offensive. If the French General Staff had reacted more vigorously when the *poche* of Amiens was quite empty of German

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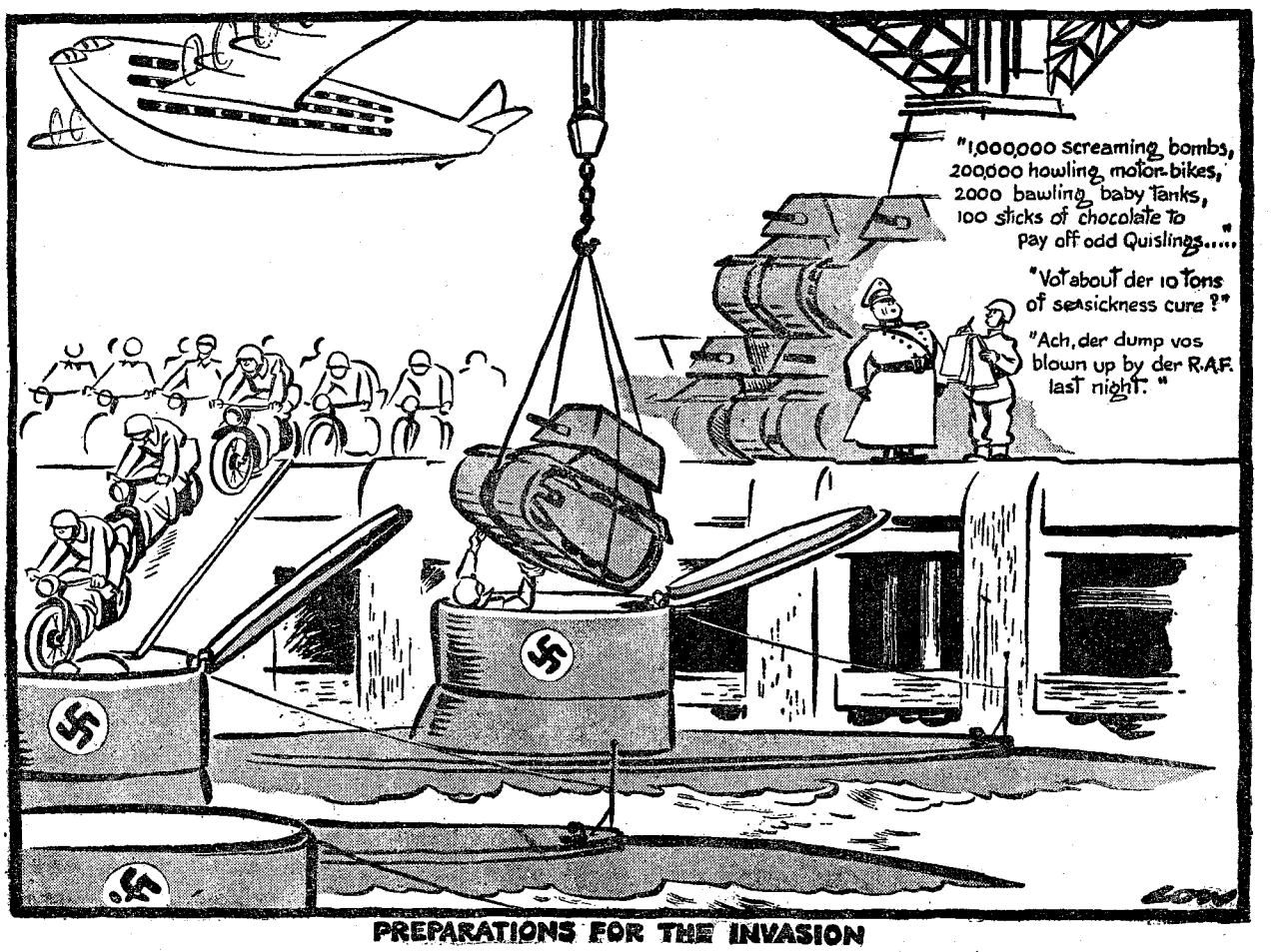
infantry, the Battle of France would have had a different end.

We may be sure that the worst tactical blunders of the French army will not be repeated by the British. The French, it will be remembered, blew up their bridges—often incompletely—but failed to defend the fords or to use the rivers in attempts to split the German forces. Another French mistake was to attack the superior German tanks with inferior French tanks. If the French had used their tanks in masses instead of in driblets, and not against German tanks but against communications and infantry, they might have obtained results. The French were also handicapped by the immobility of their artillery, a hazard absent in Great Britain, for the British now have very effective mobile and armored guns.

There is a further reason why the military situation in Britain today can be considered much better than it was in France last June. Nearly everywhere French territory was abandoned without the slightest attempt to defend it. French troops retreated to avoid isolation by encirclement, and the French population was neither trained nor armed to defend the ground. By now the British troops have been prepared to continue to fight even in isolation, and the task of the Home Guard is to defend each single village to the last. Hence the Germans will have to storm each town, each village, each bridge, each crossing, and such continuous and stubborn defense will rapidly weaken the Nazi onslaught. Nor should the effectiveness of the British aviation as a supporting force be left out of the calculation. Thus if the British carry out their defense in the expected manner, the German superiority in material will be overcome.

All this explains why the Nazis are at present in a quandary. On the one hand, their invasion supplies are not ready; on the other, England's power is growing steadily. Thus the longer Hitler waits, the worse his chances grow. If he does not risk invasion in the near future—even with incomplete armaments—he can never win the war. If he does risk invasion and fails, the bulk of his army will be destroyed, and his prestige severely damaged. Only two possibilities are open to him: he can maneuver to avoid the decisive battle—as Frederick the Great did throughout the last years of the Seven Years War—in the hope that a protracted war of attrition will finally lead to a negotiated peace. Or he can cross his Rubicon. He may be expected to choose the latter course, since it is the logical outcome of his temper and psychology. Hitler has customarily escaped from embarrassments by fleeing forward. And his opponents have generally been so surprised by his audacity that they could not react quickly enough to stop him. That is why Hitler firmly believes that what seems least possible is the easiest to achieve. This time, however, the opposition is of a different quality from anything he has met before.


"1,000,000 screaming bombs, 200,000 howling motor-bikes, 2000 bawling baby tanks, 100 sticks of chocolate to pay off odd Quislings....."
"Vot about der 10 tons of seasickness cure?"
"Ach, der dump vos blown up by der R.A.F. last night."

PREPARATIONS FOR THE INVASION

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Plaguing Mr. Quisling

BY THEODOR BROCH

SABOTAGE—the word had a sinister meaning in Norway. To us of the coast towns it signified vandalism under protection of the night. That was before April 9. Since then it has had a different definition.

From the moment the German General von Dietl, on that foggy spring morning in Narvik, gave his instructions to the civilian population of the city, it was as if an insulting banner, flaunted before our eyes, incited us to do our duty through sabotage. In the beginning it was comparatively harmless and innocent. The German soldiers of occupation rushed to our stores to buy food, clothing, and souvenirs. We carried most of the stock out the back doors. The German general ordered the Norwegian authorities to surrender all the skis in town. The next day a small pile of little children's skis was heaped behind the courthouse. Promptly the order was repeated. This time out came heavy, loaded mountain skis, the kind famous ski jumpers have flunkeys carry for them up the scaffolding to the long ski slides. Once more complaints were issued. The German soldiers were unable to move from the spot; there must be something wrong with the skis. We asked if they had greased them thoroughly; greasing was an important part of proper ski technique. New orders: we were to grease the skis instantly. We requested a short delay so we could consult our experts. The experts chose the greasing least suitable to the damp spring travel. We heard no more.

I recollect a still more innocent case of sabotage, not particularly useful or heroic, but a small assertion of our self-respect. The first German commandant in Narvik was a hard-boiled Prussian Nazi, domineering and stupid. The younger German officers admitted openly that Herr Major Hausel was a bit of a bonehead. On a Sunday a week after the Germans had taken the city a patrol appeared at the courthouse: the Herr Major wished a pair of slippers. We recommended an excellent store which on Monday would be glad to sell him a beautiful pair. The major, however, must have them that day, and I as mayor was requested to send them to him at once. It took us some time, but finally we found some colossal slippers with extremely colorful embroideries. These were sent to the commandant's quarters by a little blond girl who almost dragged them behind her. A moment later the patrol arrived again. The slippers did not fit the major; they were too large. It occurred to me that there was an unmilitary gleam in the adjutant's eyes. We expressed our sincere regrets and informed him that in this or that street quite a fine supply of shoes and slippers could be found. Perhaps the adjutant himself would try.

I was once condemned to die for sabotage—it concerned some manipulation at the telegraph station—but I was pardoned. For a racial cousin excuses are found. When I was arrested a second time—for both sabotage and espionage—I did not give myself time to investigate the case thoroughly. I disappeared in haste. The Germans did not then have such substantial prisons as they arranged later.

At the first chance to catch my breath after climbing the mountains leading to the Swedish border I reviewed what we had done in Narvik and all over Norway since the invasion. It is possible that such attempts at sabotage have no definite results, but they are useful, nevertheless. Everything we owned they have taken from us—our homes, our country, and our liberty. Only our self-respect remains. We save a little of it that way.

When the German army of occupation, after two months of bitter fighting, had pacified the whole of Norway it introduced a new order of conduct, as it was called. New agents of the Gestapo were brought in—the first contingent had gone down with the Blücher outside the Oscarsborg fort in Oslo fjord. From now on the country's entire producing power must serve the German war machine under the formal direction of the dummies War Commissioner Terboven has succeeded in digging up, eagerly assisted by that irresponsible paranoiac, Vidkun Quisling. The people's will to resist can be expressed now only through sabotage, which I am sure is being carried on not only in Norway but in all the occupied countries. Napoleon himself recognized its force when he said, "Bayonets are effective weapons, but they are not so good to sit on."

The news that filters out from Norway gives evidence that there still is power of resistance in the people. And a good deal of news comes out, for with a coastline of 12,500 miles, the country cannot easily be muzzled. Every week Norwegian men are sent to the newly built concentration camps—students, intellectuals, and labor leaders in the cities, farm youths and workmen in the outlying districts. The university has been closed; demonstrative school children are denied schooling. Occasionally collective punishment is tried: the entire male population in some cities has been subjected to house arrest for demonstrations against the new regime.

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There is sabotage in industry. The Germans bought our stock of canned goods with money they had printed in Norway. Not a few of the shipments proved to be spoiled on arrival in Germany because of tiny, almost invisible holes in the cans. Military stores show an increasing tendency to spontaneous combustion, and the cables to telegraph stations and coast fortifications, strangely enough, are continually grounded by storms.

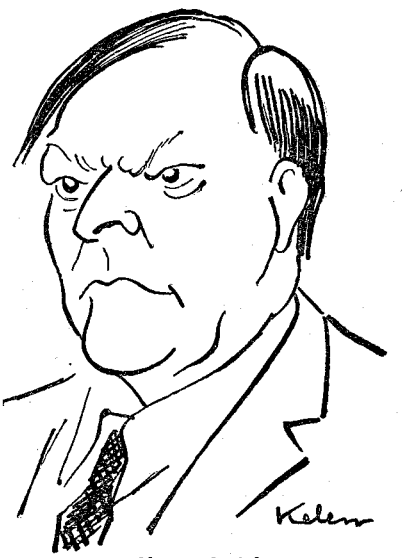
Railroads and bridges suffer from landslides. The railroad to Bergen and other lines used for military transportation to German war harbors and air fields have been most often damaged. Even under normal conditions it is often difficult to keep the Bergen line open during the winter, and whimsical and violent nature seems this year to be especially unfriendly. The Germans have posted permanent military patrols along the railway and have arrested a number of ski runners in the mountains. It will not help. The railway is long; the mountains are high and pathless.

Unpopular teachers have always found Norwegian school children difficult to deal with, and definitely the children do not like the new school books or the new prophets of the Third Reich. The situation is not improved by the fact that Quisling is obliged to employ poorly equipped prophets. The Viennese children who were given shelter in Norway in the twenties remember a good deal from their sojourn, but they are not yet capable of being teachers in Norwegian schools.

If Vidkun Quisling is still alive it is because he carefully keeps himself at more than arm's length from every honest Norwegian fist. Also, the Germans take good care of him, and it is not so simple to lay hands on a dictator as a person on the other side of the world might imagine.

At the moment it is believed that between 300,000 and 350,000 German soldiers are in Norway. Our population is approximately 2,900,000. It should not be necessary to have an army of such strength just to keep the people in subjection. Surely, there are other reasons. Uncertainty about Russia and the need to keep Sweden coerced into passiveness are probably among them, but unquestionably the chief reason is the war against Great Britain. Our country has very useful bases for an invasion, and even if the plan for invasion be abandoned, our long coast will still play an important part in the aerial and submarine blockade. In southern Norway are valuable air fields, and Trondheim and Narvik are equipped to serve as submarine bases.

Because the population is so widely scattered and so easily kept under observation, more systematic sabotage is fraught with the greatest difficulties. In Norway as elsewhere the Germans seek to employ the ancient device —divide and rule. The population is already divided by physical barriers. It is difficult to get from one place to another. All means of communication are under German control; private individuals cannot buy benzine, farmers are not permitted to travel to cities without special permission. But also the German are trying to divide the people psychologically and set them against one another. Norwegian deserters are pushed into the foreground. The Norwegian Nazi organization is the only lawful party. The workers' technical organizations have been the object of considerable flirtation, but have been offered, of course, a conqueror's own brand of love —if you do not yield I take you by force. They are still permitted to exist, but all initiative in the labor movement is forbidden to them. The anti-capitalist and pacifist spirit in the labor movement is utilized to the utmost, and the material lowering of the standard of living consequent on the occupation is presented as a result of the struggle between capital and labor. The Germans pretend to play the part of neutral justice and penalize certain firms which reduce wages or cut down their working staff. If they find a firm of this kind with a Jewish proprietor they think themselves fortunate. Aryans are set up against Jews, but this action will have little effect in Norway if for no other reason than that the Jewish minority constitutes only .06 per cent of the population.



Vidkun Quisling

An attempt has been made to set the Norwegian people against the king and the lawful Norwegian government in London. Through their Norwegian loud speakers the Germans shout that the government destroyed the country by refusing the protection of racial allies, that Norway was not properly defended, that the government stole the gold supply and the mercantile marine and then fled. In the face of a biased and hostile press an exiled government will not find it easy to hold its own. All reports from Norway, however, say that the loyalty of the common people toward the government is not crushed and that the king is more popular than ever before. The Gestapo, for instance, notified the Norwegian police that persons wearing coins fastened to their clothing with a pin or suspended from a cord around the neck must be arrested, since this form of propaganda cannot be tolerated. The coins referred to bear a picture of the king with his motto, "All for Norway." During blackouts placards urging unity and perseverance are pasted on walls. Handbills are passed

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around, seditious and revolutionary poems and songs go from hand to hand, new arrests are constantly being made.

Sabotage in the occupied countries cannot win the war, but in the long run it can become dangerous. Even if mechanized weapons decide the first phase of the struggle, psychological conditions may turn the scales in the next. The Norwegian people, by daring to defy its conquerors, has shown and will continue to show that it still has the will to fight.

Puerto Rico's New Deal

BY LOUISE S. BLANCO

Santurce, Puerto Rico, January 10

WHEN the leaders of the Puerto Rican Liberal Party forced Luis Muñoz Marín out of the party in May, 1937, they did not foresee that in 1940 he and his followers would win the elections and the control of the island for the next four years. Nor was this outcome foreseen by Washington officials, who for at least a year before the elections were encouraging the formation of a new party to contest the power of the graft-ridden, strictly party-minded Coalition—made up of so-called Socialists and Republicans—which had been running Puerto Rico. The party fostered by Washington, an alliance of the Liberals with dissident Republicans and Socialists known as the Unification Party, was destined at election time to come in a very bad third.

In 1937 it seemed that Luis Muñoz Marín, whose father, Luis Muñoz Rivera, was the island's most famous politician, had been eliminated from island politics. During the early years of the New Deal he had played a brief but spectacular role in the opposition, with considerable backing from Washington. That backing had, for mysterious reasons, been withdrawn. After this, his fellow-leaders in the Liberal Party, disagreeing with him on matters of policy and jealous of his ascendancy in the party, engineered his withdrawal. In 1937 he was without a party, party machinery, or money.

The swift rise to power of the Popular Democratic Party which he founded at that time would have been extraordinary anywhere; it was the more so in Puerto Rico, where the growth of parties has been slow and has followed a conventional pattern. The first problem which he and a small group of able associates faced was that of achieving official status for the new party. If a party wishes to present candidates on the Puerto Rican ballot it must obtain in each of the island's municipalities signatures equal in number to 10 per cent of the voters in that municipality in the preceding elections. The Popular Democrats did not approach the task through the village bosses and with promises of jobs, but instead appealed directly to the masses and sought to convince them that their vote was not a trifling privilege to be sold to the highest bidder but their only weapon against the exploitation from which they suffered. "Bread, land, and liberty" was the motto of the new party; its working slogan was "Don't sell your vote."

Years ago Santiago Iglesias had founded the Socialist Party in Puerto Rico as a workingman's party, although it was never genuinely socialist in ideology, and had built it up through unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. Even in its heyday the Socialist Party depended for its strength upon the city workers and party machinery. It had long since become thoroughly bureaucratic and thoroughly conservative. The Popular Democrats sought the support of the "forgotten man" of Puerto Rico, the *jíbaro,* or agricultural laborer (once a small landowner, now for the most part landless), isolated by poor roads and the direst kind of poverty in the island's mountainous interior.

An important factor in their campaign was their paper, *Batey,* which they published and distributed free in the most remote districts. They were able to finance it by its advertising, which corresponded to its large circulation; 800,000 copies of the last edition before the elections were distributed. In a country in which the leading newspaper has a circulation of less than 40,000, it is clear that many people, when they received this paper from a party worker, had a newspaper in their hands for the first time. Party workers drove through the country, rode horseback for miles where cars could not go, and finally continued the task of distribution on foot. In their speaking campaign Muñoz Marín and his associates showed the same thoroughness. They spoke not only in cities and towns but in the mountains, where they addressed small groups of *jíbaros* summoned from their hundreds of scattered huts.

Reports reaching the capital from the various districts of the island indicated the effectiveness of the Popular Party's campaign, and in the last months before the November elections the Coalition, in spite of confident declarations, showed signs of nervousness. Nevertheless, the consensus of opinion in San Juan was that in the end the *jíbaro* would sell his vote to the candidate who had money to pay for it; it was believed that the temptation of a few dollars, or of some articles of clothing, would

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be too great for people of such utter poverty. Only Muñoz Marín and his Popular Democrats were firm in the conviction that the Puerto Rican masses this time would not sell their votes. They did not. Many picturesque stories went around, some of them undoubtedly true, about the way in which large sums of Unification and Coalition money went begging.

The last weeks of the campaign were marked by the usual colorful effervescence of a Puerto Rican election period, but the elections were perfectly orderly. They gave the Popular Democrats control of the Senate by a scant majority—ten "Populares" out of nineteen seats—and, accordingly, the presidency of the Senate. The Coalition, however, still has numerical superiority in the House, having won nineteen seats as against seventeen for the Popular Democrats. Here the three Unification members hold the balance of power, and while they may eventually go over to the Populars because of their long-standing hostility to the Coalition, present indications are that two of them will vote with the Coalition for the time being, thus giving it control of the House. The Resident Commissionership in Washington remains firmly in the hands of the Coalition, having been won by its present incumbent, Bolívar Pagán.

The program of the new party stresses social justice and includes many economic and social reforms. The issue of the island's status was subordinated to the necessity for Western Hemisphere defense. The platform expressed a preference, however, for independence. Among its planks are enforcement of the five-hundred-acre law, establishment of agricultural cooperatives, a readjustment of taxes in favor of small property owners, legislation against absenteeism and the coastwise shipping laws, and thorough educational reform.

The Popular Democrats face many difficulties: they lack absolute control; the popular composition of the party causes a scarcity of persons prepared to hold office; their projected reforms are certain to encounter intense opposition from intrenched interests. Somewhat dangerous, also, is the large number of new adherents which their unexpected victory created over night, adherents who do not really sympathize with their purposes. A great obligation is owed to the long-suffering Puerto Rican masses, who responded so admirably to the first respectful and intelligent appeal made to them. Only an exemplary administration can repay the faith and sacrifices of the *jíbaros*. A poor record in office would turn the party's chief weapon, the newly awakened sense of civic duty, against itself.

In order to carry out their program, Marín and his associates will need whole-hearted support from Washington, an indispensable factor in the success of any Puerto Rican party. Since their social and political aims are similar to those of the New Deal, it is not too unlikely that they will get it.

In the Wind

A STUDENT recently visited the New York office of Verne Marshall's "No Foreign War" Committee and asked a member of the office staff "what form of democracy" the committee wanted to preserve. The reply was that he might read Lawrence Dennis to get the answer. The same person said the committee didn't consider England a democracy because Ernest Bevin, a Laborite, was "running" the country.

A FEW WEEKS ago the New York *Times* published a list of campaign contributions to the Democratic and Republican parties. A gift of $2,000 to the Republicans from "Thomas J. Watson, New York City," was listed. A $2,500 gift to the Democrats from "Thomas J. Watson, New York City," was also listed.

MOST PRO-BRITISH MANIFESTOS now current are signed by Ellery Sedgwick, retired editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Sedgwick still has not indicated whether he has changed his mind about General Franco, for whom he did such valuable tub-thumping during the Spanish war.

DAN GILLMOR, publisher of the magazine *Friday*, is branching out. He has just bought *Popular Psychology Guide* and *Silver Streak Comics*, two pulps with an aggregate circulation of about 200,000.

SOCIAL JUSTICE, bidding for labor support, now plays up Philip Murray as a "Catholic gentleman" and presses the theme that Sidney Hillman is a "pro-Soviet Russian Jew." Thus Hillman is now the pet target of both the *Daily Worker* and the *Coughlinites*. Incidentally, Brooklyn Christian Fronters are planning a big celebration over the dropping of the conspiracy charges against several of their members.

WHEN A PRESSMAN upset eight cases of type, the *Japanese Weekly Times*, published in California, suspended publication for a week. The publisher decided it would take that much time to "unpie" a couple of hundred thousand ideographs.

BULLETINS ON Chaplin's "The Dictator": Mexico has let it be shown, Argentina has firmly banned it, Chile will permit a censored version. For Argentines special excursions are being run across the River Plate to Colonia, Uruguay, where the film is playing—despite Italian protests.

A WASHINGTON STORY in the New York *Times* on efforts to get aid for Spanish anti-fascists has aroused some vigorous protests. The story was headlined, "Ask Aid for Spanish Reds," although the personnel of the committee seeking the aid is not even faintly red.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Rookie Unionists

"IT'S a racket," the boy said on the train. He had been home for a day from the rush of work in constructing the army camp. "You have to pay a couple of dollars a day till you get your dues paid. Some fellows don't mind paying it because even after they pay it they're making more than they ever did before. But they don't care anything about belonging to the union. Most of them are going back to the farm after this thing is over. We don't want to be in any union. We could use those bucks. But we got to pay 'em if we want to keep our jobs."

As far as he knew, there wasn't any real racket. Some folks said that fellows were kicked out after they got their dues paid so others could be taken in. He didn't know what happened to the money. But he thought there must be a lot of it.

"We just pay," he said; "we don't give a damn about the union."

Naturally where so huge a volume of men is crowding into little towns beside which big camps, or big plants, are growing, there is a lot of loose talk about union rackets. The whole business moves so fast that not even old union men can always be sure what is happening. Old conservatives who never did like the unions speak about increasing crookedness with new confidence, but few of them present evidence. Unions in the building trades in some boom towns have grown as rapidly as the defense projects. In one town the normal membership of the carpenters' union was 50; it passed 1,000 within three months. Others may have grown more rapidly still. In unions experiencing such a growth, under all sorts of local leaders, in all parts of the country, almost anything can happen. A man traveling gets the impression that almost everything has happened.

Beyond question in some of the quickly grown defense centers union leaders have gone to great pains and distances to secure for the project skilled men of the types needed. Certainly, also some local unions, in enrolling men, have seemed to take a good deal more interest in their dues than in their skills. There has been more confusion, as would be expected, in little towns where the whole system of collective bargaining was weak and insignificant before the boom hit them than in cities where long-existing organization had created experienced leaders able to handle the terrific expansion that has occurred in the unions in defense industries as well as in the plants and yards.

The situation undoubtedly creates a widespread possibility of rackets in unions. That such rackets do exist no sensible friend of labor would deny. The charge has even come from old labor men in some cases. But more ominous to me than the questionable practices of the unions is the threat to unionism in the future involved in their present swift expansion, particularly in the areas around the government's own rising camps. There under the government's protection the workers from the country feel little need for organization's aid and figure the cost of union dues in terms of the additional pigs they might have been able to buy with the money when they went back home.

And not all of them are going to stay back on the farm. However skilled or unskilled they were when they went to the camps, they will be skilled craftsmen, so certified, when they finish the jobs there. Necessarily apprentice standards have had to crack under the demand for workers. Later the farms will be full of craftsmen ready, when crops are poor, to move on the jobs in the towns and cities. They will have been union certified, but many of them will not be willing to continue to pay union dues.

In this new body of trade unionists the men are not unionists by conviction or training. The unions into which they go are too big and unwieldy to spend much time on their union education. Many of the men also go so far by automobile from their jobs to the places where they sleep that they have neither time nor inclination to hear union talk or to participate in union affairs. In a real sense many of the new members of the building-trades unions are people who have little knowledge and no interest in the organizations with which they have quickly become connected.

It is hard to see what the unions can do to prevent such swift growth as expands their membership rolls but progressively destroys the cohesion of conviction within them. The growth can be less toward strength than toward meaninglessness. There will undoubtedly be demands for investigations. Even more greatly needed by the country and the unions is prompt and sufficient action to direct organization so that there shall be a growth in intelligence and not merely in bulk.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Red Dragon of Wales

OWEN GLENDOWER. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. Two Volumes. $5.

IF THE neatly boxed two volumes of "Owen Glendower" do not quite live up to their promise, it is certainly not because of any lack of romantic glamour in the subject: that fifteenth-century rebel-hero who hoisted the banner of the red dragon for Welsh independence and, allying himself with the mighty Percys of Northumberland, shook the English throne under its usurping occupant, Henry Bolingbroke.

Largely through the eyes of young Rhisiart (in English, Richard), Glendower's cousin and for a time his secretary, we perceive the great-souled Welsh chieftain, moved by a prophecy of Iolo Goch the Bard, gathering his forces and defying the King; marrying his daughter to Sir Edmund Mortimer, whom he had taken prisoner in the Battle of Bryn Glas; striving to weld the nation together in the face of a dismal curse which long before had foretold that as long as he waged war and destruction against his enemies he would succeed, but that as soon as he tried to build a permanent, peaceful edifice out of his conquests disaster would engulf him. Instead of the pompous old charlatan who in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV" boasts that he can "call spirits from the vasty deep" and that at his birth "the frame and huge foundation of the earth shaked like a coward," he is here presented as a magnetic personality with a fatal strain of mysticism in his make-up, a dabbler in magic arts, to be sure, but one whose real sorcery consists not so much in necromancy as in his ability to "exteriorize" his soul while his body remains in a state of cataleptic trance (readers of Mr. Powys's "Wolf Solent" will recall that young man's "mythology"). One feels from the very first that Glendower is a man fated to perform mighty deeds with a tragic end, like the ancient Celts of whom it was said, "They went forth to battle, and they always fell."

Considering, however, that I had anticipated a genuine literary thrill in the treatment of this dazzling figure by so distinguished a stylist, psychologist, and antiquary as Mr. Powys, the book disappointed me. Despite a plethora of murders, feuds, burning loves, alarms and excursions, it seemed to me unconscionably long-winded; and on top of a style which is unaccountably labored, especially in the first volume (where the central romantic figure is constantly referred to as "our hero" or "our young friend"!), it is overlaid with a dank miasma of Celtic mysticism which seems to emanate more from the mind of the author than from the circumstances of the story, even though the drama is played out by Welshmen against a backdrop of the very hills and forests of Arthurian legend, of Bran and Myfanwy and the chimerical heroes and heroines of the "Mabinogion." Part of this crepuscular haze arises from the fact that Mr. Powys, himself steeped in Welsh history and folklore, strews his narrative prodigally with dark allusions to bygone Cambrian celebrities without a vowel to their names, the symbolical significance of which cannot but mystify the overwhelming majority of modern readers.

On the credit side, he has effected an astounding reconstruction of the spirit and trappings of a turbulent epoch. The Peasants' Revolt was only a few years buried in the scrap heap of time; Richard II had recently been deposed and, probably, murdered; the buds were already ripening which were to bloom as the blood-spattered roses of Lancaster and York; two popes, one at Rome and one at Avignon, angled for the allegiance of the Catholic world, while Wycliffe's Lollards proclaimed, even in the midst of flames, the hypocrisy of the clergy, and the strident voice of the Renaissance drowned out the death-rattle of the Middle Ages —already that lethal middle-class weapon, the long bow, was leveling the ancient proud chivalry of the sword. Where Shakespeare, in his two "Henry IV" plays, merely stages a spectacle of martial pageantry as a background for the clowning of Jack Falstaff (who appears in "Owen Glendower" under his true name of Sir John Oldcastle), Mr. Powys has woven the myriad and many-colored threads of history into a shimmering tapestry which, for all its faults, has a tragic beauty and grandeur that few historical novels of today can match.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Economics in a Vacuum

MONETARY PROPOSALS FOR SOCIAL REFORM. By Margaret G. Myers. Columbia University Press. $2.25.

SOMEONE has said that bourgeois economists are at their best when they are criticizing each other. This is not quite accurate; they are at their best when they are criticizing petty-bourgeois economists. In "Monetary Proposals for Social Reform" Miss Myers has provided a neat illustration of the truth of this proposition.

The attitude of the petty bourgeois toward capitalism is fundamentally ambivalent. In private property and "individual initiative" capitalism has a good side; in poverty and economic insecurity it has a bad side. The problem always is how to retain the good and eliminate the bad. Since it never occurs to him that the two go together, like the two sides of a coin, he sets out to find out what feature of capitalism is responsible for the bad aspects. And the chances are ten to one that he ends up as a land reformer or a monetary reformer or some combination of the two.

At this point the orthodox economist appears on the scene. The orthodox economist is sure that there would be nothing wrong with capitalism if people only wouldn't abuse it all the time. Capitalism is like an individual who gets sick only when he flies in the face of sound rules of health. Hence the orthodox economist proceeds, with great gusto and devastating logic, to expose all the inconsistencies in the petty-bourgeois position and to conclude triumphantly that the proposed remedy would only serve to make matters worse than they already are.

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This is the role which Miss Myers has assumed in the present work. She selects for examination three of the best known among twentieth-century monetary reformers: Silvio Gesell, Frederick Soddy, and Major Douglas. (Gesell was also a land reformer, but Miss Myers neglects this aspect of his teachings.) She then proceeds in a cold-blooded and workmanlike fashion to dissect the three gentlemen, to demonstrate that each looked only at what he wanted to see and, in addition, was full of contradictions and inconsistencies. The job is done with deftness and dispatch; at the end none of the three reformers has an intellectual leg to stand on.

But if Miss Myers shows the strong side of orthodox economics in her polemic against the monetary reformers, she just as definitely reveals the weak side in her own closing chapter. Here we are treated to a lecture on sound commercial banking, the necessity of interest based on the phenomenon of time preference, the evil consequences of deficit financing and government paper money, and so on. In her theorizing, full employment is blandly assumed—otherwise we should have to ask Miss Myers whether a time preference exists for present goods that aren't produced over future goods that aren't produced! And finally the conclusion is reached that "no manipulation of money and banking can right all the wrongs created by wars and tariffs and exchange controls." This is always the last word of the orthodox economist. The trouble with economics is—politics!

As against this position the petty-bourgeois reformer at least has the merit of recognizing that there is something wrong with the economic system itself. So long as this is true he will continue to attract followers from among the masses of the people, who are more impressed with their own experience than with the logic of economic orthodoxy. It follows that the *effective* answer to the petty-bourgeois reformer must be sought in an entirely different direction.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

A Realistic Utopia

THE CITY OF MAN: A DECLARATION ON WORLD DEMOCRACY. By Herbert Agar, Frank Aydelotte, G. A. Borgese, Hermann Broch, Van Wyck Brooks, Ada L. Comstock, William Y. Elliott, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Christian Gauss, Oscar Jaszi, Alvin Johnson, Hans Kohn, Thomas Mann, Lewis Mumford, William Allen Neilson, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Gaetano Salvemini. The Viking Press. $1.

READERS of Anatole France probably remember how Gretauk, the tall Nordic, knocked down his short, dark-skinned fellow-creature to take his land, and how the monk Bulloch, replying to the repining prayer of Saint Maël, gently observed: "Be careful, Father, what you call murder and theft are essentially war and conquest, the sacred foundation of empires, the source of all virtue and human grandeur. No right but the conqueror's is to be respected, for it alone demands respect." France wrote satirically, but Hitler is in earnest when he proclaims his respect for the successful highwaymen of history.

In this declaration a galaxy of brilliant scholars and thinkers, Americans like Alvin Johnson and William Neilson, refugees like Salvemini and Borgese, all of them gallant fighters for freedom, accept the cave man's challenge. Some critics might say: Why waste mental chivalry on an enemy who takes intelligence to be a defection from man's divine mission? In striving to continue Plato's endeavors did it not occur to them that Oxenstierna's familiar remark about the little wisdom which rules the world has proved more realistic than the recurrent desire to have it ruled by philosopher-guardians?

I do not think any of the signatories hoped to convince the rowdies of Europe. This new gospel of democracy redefines its fundamental idea as "humanism in theocracy and rational theocracy in universal humanism." No one has put it more clearly than the President of the United States when he said, "Most of us, regardless of what church we belong to, believe in the spirit of the New Testament." Certainly democracy is a faith, and "this common prayer of democracy militant . . . was anticipated by sages and saints of all ages."

On an ascending line of scholarly thoughts clad in poetic expression the Declaration arrives at a new doctrine of democracy in which the Bill of Rights is supplemented by a Bill of Duties and "morals will have the primacy over economics." Its idealism is far from being utopian. Without idealism democracy could not have been born in the Greek cities, or reborn in Cromwell's camp. Rousseau and not the Revolution ushered in French democracy, and the Gettysburg Address could not have been delivered without idealism. However, idealism like patriotism is not enough. If all who nowadays write or talk of democratic ideology had converted their energy into action for the defense or the establishment of democracy, literary and rhetorical accomplishments would be dispensable.

This is why the indorsers of the Declaration suggest the study of four issues as a preliminary to successful action. The first is that of freedom "under a constitutional order so that the citizen may be protected not only against the threat of the external tyrant but against the treason of his fellow-citizen as well." The aim of education is another. In economics, where ethics is also the leading principle, the "calamitous circle of capital-communism as enemy brothers or as mutual accomplices must be broken—economic freedom and economic justice must be reconciled." The last issue calls for a supra-national order the laws of which "cannot be enforced with judges but no sheriffs."

A reviewer less sympathetic with these conclusions might ask: Where are the masons in the various countries strong enough to build the cities of men from which the City of Man is going to emerge? But I am convinced of the truth of President Garfield's words, "Ideas are the great warriors of the world"; and a great warrior is likely to find the armies he needs. If ideas are right, events are bound to follow them. In spite of the occasionally enraptured overtones of its style the Declaration is not the wishful thought of a Dreamland. As a beacon of faith in the blackout of violence it illuminates the way of reason which leads beyond the rationale of materialism. Facts may dim the vision of men; they may prove temporarily incongruous with this City of the Future. But as a French wit said, *"Tant pis pour les faits."*

RUSTEM VAMBERY

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English Compromise

TRADITION AND ROMANTICISM: STUDIES IN ENGLISH POETRY FROM CHAUCER TO YEATS. By B. Ifor Evans. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

"ROMANTICISM is disease; classicism is health." So Goethe; and too many after him. T. S. Eliot's definition is not much better: "The difference between classicism and romanticism is the difference between the complete and the fragmentary, the adult and the immature, the orderly and the chaotic." With Eliot and the neo-humanists, indeed, the antithesis becomes a convenient method of rejecting large sections of literature. Eliot ostensibly investigates the English "tradition"; actually he equates classicism with tradition and rejects as romantic what does not conform. From the opposite point of view the romantic critics do exactly the same thing: Poe throws out most poetry written before the nineteenth century, while Rimbaud, who in criticism as in poetry carried his theories to their logical conclusion, succeeds in rejecting the whole of French literature. This will not do. A tradition, if it is anything at all, is the whole of a literature, better, in this case, the whole of European literature; you cannot select a number of works to suit your personal tastes and label it "the tradition."

If the terms classical and romantic are to be retained in literary criticism—and they do seem to express an important and recognizable distinction—they must be clearly defined, and in such a way that both can be included in the tradition. In this connection the present book of Professor Evans performs two essential services: investigating afresh the English tradition as a whole, it shows that the two attitudes are inextricably mixed in the work of most poets —in this respect English poetry is much less "pure" than French and has succeeded in effecting a kind of "compromise"; and it provides a basis from which it would seem possible to formulate a workable definition.

Coleridge, as so often, seems to have put his finger on the root of the distinction, without using the terms, when he spoke of the "objective poetry of the ancients and the subjective mood of the moderns." Classical poetry is objective in that it tends to deal with "typical human action," "normal experience"; it is "complete" and "orderly"—in Eliot's phrase—and ruled by "reason" and "judgment" in the eighteenth-century sense because its implicit reference is to a definite system of social relationships; it is "public" and intelligible without reference to its creator. Romantic poetry on the other hand is subjective in that it tends to deal with the individual, idiosyncratic, "abnormal" experience of the poet himself or with a character or action with which he can identify himself; it is sometimes "fragmentary" and "chaotic" because it lacks the support and check of a definite system of social relationships; frequently it is "private" and unintelligible without reference to its creator.

This definition, which seems to emerge from Professor Evans's discussion, avoids reference both to the beliefs of the poet and to any religious, moral, or social system. This is as it should be, for the beliefs of a poet are irrelevant to a judgment of his poetry: much modern criticism condemns the Romantics because of the inadequacy or childishness of their theories. But their poetry is not the equivalent of their theories: poetry is not something else—religion or morals or science, though many critics who assert this in words seem to deny it in practice.

Perhaps the chief advantage of this definition, however, is that it does not make the two attitudes mutually exclusive —as any definition in terms of belief necessarily does. The compromise, the almost inextricable mingling of classical and romantic elements in the English tradition from Chaucer through Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden to Wordsworth and Keats, Eliot, and Yeats, is the theme of Professor Evans's book, and he shows how the practice of the poets has frequently contradicted their theory, how the attempt of literary historians to erect rigid schools and movements breaks down the moment it is pressed, and, most interestingly, how the poets of the early nineteenth century who carried the romantic attitude farther than any other poets in English were constantly engaged in an effort to restore their balance.

Professor Evans, who of course does not possess the brilliance or fruitfulness of major critics like Eliot, provides an excellent corrective for their aberrations, and he has done a real service in elucidating aspects of the English tradition which are so frequently overlooked or misinterpreted, and in supplying a less tendentious definition of two easily abused but useful terms. HILARY SUMNER-BOYD

Good Enough to Be True

HE LOOKED FOR A CITY. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

IN THE period that is best known to us—the period between two great wars—goodness in literature has rather gone out of fashion. Our historians and biographers have debunked: This fellow, you know, was really pretty much of a stuffed shirt. Our novelists have Told All: If human beings break all of the Ten Commandments, and we can be sure they do, let us say so; man is a nasty, crawling, stealing, lying, intemperate, fornicating little beast, and it is the duty of a novelist to admit it, even to insist on it.

Mr. Hutchinson has started with a different premise. His story of a simple—almost simple-minded—undistinguished English vicar during the first thirty years or so of the twentieth century is a chronicle of a good man. He believes, first of all, in the teachings of Jesus Christ: God is Love and Men are Brothers. After some years of hard work in a slum parish, he attains his heart's desire, an upper-middle-class flock in the genteel country, a commodious house with a garden, grass for his four young ones to play about on, work, to be sure, but work among people he knows and likes. It is the vicar's first and inevitable impulse to thank God for his new situation. Such a man, one might think, should have his rewards. But Mr. Hutchinson has tried him sorely. The new parishioners are worldly, snobbish, suspicious, perfectly willing for their vicar to labor in their vineyard as hard and as long as he likes provided he doesn't bother them too much or complain about his pay. The four children are by no means always a solace to their father. Out of principle the older son becomes a conscientious objector to war and dies in prison for it; out of want of principle the younger daughter is killed in an automobile accident. A waif whom the vicar and his wife

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have taken into their family and who grows to be friend and sister to them experiences all the horrors of war-time prejudice—she is a German. And the vicar's sufferings at this intolerance are only a little less than her own. A hard life, in short, in which the bad days outnumber the good. But oddly enough, for the vicar, virtue does provide its compensation. His children hurt him but do not fail to return his love for them. His parishioners are irritated at his refusal to be up to date—and cannot fail to pay him an affectionate if grudging respect, and even admiration. Since he is not clever, he merely does his duty, and the fact that he has done it is reward enough.

As a novelist Mr. Hutchinson has many faults. His style is stiff and formal. He is sentimental. He overdraws his characters. One of the vicar's daughters is addlepated and lightminded beyond credence; the other is an equally incredible dominating prig and bore. But they are individuals, even though their individuality is overdone. And the vicar's patience, his forbearance, his charity, even his likable stupidity are not overdone. It is the power of goodness for its own sake that makes an often unskilful novel alive and interesting.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Personal History

I MUST HAVE LIBERTY. By Isabel de Palencia. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

ONE day, during the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, the *chulos* of Madrid were given a perfectly stupendous opportunity for the exercise of their indelicate wit. A procession of pregnant women, mostly of the classes that later supported fascism, solemnly paraded before the royal palace, as a pledge to the Bourbon in the name of the unborn. More than any other story in Isabel de Palencia's absorbing book, that incident defines the temper of conservative Spain toward what was called the feminine question. True, the old tradition was already crumbling when such women as Isabel Oyarzabal, later Señora Palencia, and Constancia de la Mora made their protests. Yet something of what an intelligent woman had to face if she desired to live freely is described in "I Must Have Liberty."

Half a Scot, Isabel Oyarzabal was born into a semi-aristocratic family of Málaga. The usual convent education was given her, and this she describes without irony or scorn. She refused to enter a religious order when urged to do so and determined to earn her own living. In Madrid she founded a woman's magazine, entered upon a short-lived theatrical career, and eventually became internationally known as a lecturer on Spanish culture.

Throughout this middle period the circumstances of her life gave the author increasingly close acquaintance with the mocking injustices suffered by the poorer classes. Nevertheless, as she says, she still looked upon the social problem from the old standpoint of charity. It was not theoretical speculation that changed her outlook, or study, but contact with the true center of progress, the Casa del Pueblo, the very heart of the real Madrid. There, in the trade-union and Socialist headquarters, she met men and women whose knowledge of home and foreign affairs far exceeded hers. It was natural that under the republic she should be sent to Geneva as a delegate to the International Labor Office. Finally, when the Spanish Republic was fighting for its life, she was appointed ambassador to Sweden and soon after chargé d'affaires in Finland. Perhaps the most moving part of the book is its conclusion, in which Isabel de Palencia expresses her profound gratitude for safe harbor in Mexico.

"I Must Have Liberty" often throws new light upon Spanish and international problems by means of sound appreciations of people and concentrated versions of things one had thought one understood. More striking and perhaps more important is the way in which the author admirably recreates the prevailing atmosphere of the Spanish political scene, especially in the chapters covering the dictatorship of Primo. It is a book of deep passion and characteristic dignity, quite unmarred by grandiloquence.

RALPH BATES

Technology and Power

THE ECONOMICS OF FORCE. By Frank Munk. George W. Stewart. $2.

TO CALL the present struggle a phase of world revolution without carefully defining revolution is to play into the hands of the dictators, who would like nothing better than to convince the democracies that totalitarianism is the inevitable pattern of the future. If the people of the democracies can be persuaded that this is true, and start quarreling among themselves about the relative merits of fascism, Nazism, and communism, the dictators will conquer the democracies and argue later about division of the spoils.

There is undoubtedly throughout the world a movement of revolutionary social and economic change which has been brought about chiefly by the rapid development of technology. Mr. Munk points out with disturbing clarity the ways in which this general revolutionary situation has facilitated the seizure of power by clever, ruthless men with ability to exploit popular dissatisfaction. And he piles up an overwhelming body of evidence to prove that once a group of unscrupulous men has obtained power, modern technology gives them opportunities unprecedented in history for extending it, until they can be dislodged only by a superior external force. Moreover, the logic of the dictators' position compels them to go on extending their power, in the domestic economy of their own countries and in foreign conquest, until they are completely victorious or completely defeated. As the author puts it, "Totalitarianism is more than a system of government: it is a permanent, world-wide, organized conspiracy. As long as it continues, other countries are sleeping on dynamite."

The nature of this conspiracy has been clearly outlined by Hitler as a series of steps which first destroy the victim's will to resist and then overwhelm him by force. The danger of the democracies is exemplified in a phrase which has been heard often during the last year: "Before we decide to fight, we must know what we are fighting *for*." Certainly, before the United States decides to fight, or even to give substantial aid to one side against the other, we must be convinced that our own liberty is involved in the struggle. But if each indi-

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vidual citizen is to base his decision on his attitude toward the domestic policies of the party in power, if we are to join in defense only on our own private terms, then the division which is part of the technique of the dictators has already been accomplished.

Munk covers too much ground in his short book to prove every point in detail, but he is restrained in statements of fact, and the documentation is convincing without being oppressive. His own personal experience as a Czech who did not escape from his country until after the German occupation of Prague adds conviction to his terrifying picture of German methods of preparing an invasion and then completely exploiting a conquered nation. Totalitarianism, as he presents it, is not a system which brings a new economic order, but the Nazis are thoroughly efficient in using the chaos they create for their own advantage.

The style is clear and straightforward; the author needs no literary apology either for writing in a foreign language or for being an economist. Some of the material will be familiar to most readers, but the cumulative effect is unique. The fundamental point, convincingly demonstrated, is that we no longer live in a world where nations struggle for economic power. Instead, economic power has become a weapon in the struggle for naked power within nations and throughout the world.

CHARLES E. NOYES

From Austria to Vermont

SECOND WIND. By Carl Zuckmayer. Introduction by Dorothy Thompson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

CARL ZUCKMAYER has one marked advantage over the many German intellectuals and writers now in foreign lands who seem like mechanics without their tools. Apart from being a playwright with an impressive record of success, he has his deepest roots in the soil, whether it be Austria or the rolling country of his newly found home in Vermont.

Zuckmayer comes from the Rhine, and the play that made him famous overnight, starting an epidemic of laughter all over Germany, "The Jolly Vineyard," expresses to perfection the peculiar and inimitable brand of Rhineland humor, lusty and hilarious, far removed from slapstick. But he has usurped, so to speak, the Nazis' sacred "blood and soil" motif; his was a sense of humor that they so utterly lacked—and that made them virtually froth at the mouth whenever his name was mentioned.

Despite the Nordic-Germanic, Celtic, and Latin strains within him, Zuckmayer has always regarded himself in character, language, manner, education, and inclination as a German, despite contemporary racial concepts. That he, a Catholic, had a drop of Jewish blood in his veins played no part in his consciousness. But he was only too forcefully reminded of it by ensuing developments.

"Second Wind" does not proceed in chronological sequence. It flashes back and forth, from the author's arrival in this country to his grueling World-War experiences; from his beloved Henndorf in Austria and the rise of the new barbarian order to the hectic days of the inflation and post-inflation period of the twenties, which stand out in high relief as the best part of the book. He experienced privation at close range, at times selling cocaine on street corners and acting as a tout for night clubs to keep alive. But these were nevertheless the most exciting and creative years of his life. He participated in experimental theater projects and magazines in Kiel and Munich, helped discover new talent and developed his own. It was inevitable that he should be drawn to Berlin, then a cultural and theatrical center of highest standards, with Max Reinhardt and Leopold Jessner at the peak of their careers.

Zuckmayer has remained essentially a playwright, though he has many books and poems to his credit. According to his own testimony, he did not fully recognize the powers at work, as indeed most people failed to grasp their momentum. His is primarily an analytical, not a revolutionary mind. It was only at the grave of Oedoen von Horvâth, the promising young writer who was killed by a freak accident on the Champs Elysées, that Zuckmayer began to sense the need for a new creative force. Of the funeral procession he writes:

> All the writers and artists in exile in Paris went along. There were many fine, significant, outstanding heads and minds. . . . Yet there was behind them no power, no really unifying idea, no tangible concrete will, nay, not even a common faith. What bound us together was only our common fate, our common knowledge of threatened and even lost values.

It was here that Zuckmayer resolved that bemoaning a lost fate is not enough if something new is to be created, that those who wish to transform the world have to transform themselves first. It is this realization and the affirmation of life and its positive reserves that give the book its value.

RUTH NORDEN

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IN BRIEF

THE DONKEY INSIDE. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Illustrated by the author. The Viking Press. $3.

The incomparable (literally) Bemelmans fuses the notebooks of trips to several South American countries into a composite picture and labels it Ecuador, the epitome of the Latin American continent. Or at any rate of such features of that continent as are calculated to amuse and edify the readers of the *New Yorker, Town & Country,* and other not too profound contemporaries. Indeed, it will amuse anyone with a philosophical view of human nature. Like the illustrations, the text does not belong to the school of photographic realism, but of logical, superbly humorous, and enchantingly colored impressionism, which is somehow right as far as it goes—not quite as far as to be a contribution to the Good Neighbor policy.

COUSIN HONORÉ. By Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Honoré Burckheim, sturdy peasant-blooded owner of a large Alsatian ironworks, is the central figure of this novel, which pursues a thread of family intrigue through the web of Franco-German relations between 1871 and 1939. Somewhat sketchily, because of the jumping of broad time-gaps in the story, the author draws a composite picture of the qualities that led to France's recent downfall and of those that give promise of an eventual reawakening.

ZERO HOUR: A SUMMONS TO THE FREE. By Stephen Vincent Benét, Erika Mann, McGeorge Bundy, William L. White, Garrett Underhill, Walter Millis. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.

This book, replete with the urgency of the crisis which confronts us, is all the more impressive for the divergent backgrounds of its six authors. All the contributions are essential reading, and all the writers—with the exception of Miss Mann, who is a shade over-elaborate—make their points swiftly and economically. Ironically enough, none of them appears to know that a book of exactly the same title, "Zero Hour," was written by the Anglo-Austrian journalist Richard Freund in 1937 and published in both England and this country. Its warning of the imminent outbreak of war was received with polite academic interest.

MY BOYHOOD IN SIAM. By Kumut Chandruang. The John Day Company. $2.

This is apparently the first book about Siam (Thailand) to be written in English by a Siamese without the aid of a professional ghost. It is a naive story, clumsy in the use of our alien language, but none the less it portrays, at times divertingly, the pleasure and pathos of life in an upper-class Siamese home. Priests and princes flick across its pages, delightful criminals, wise and contented peasants, but the characters most memorable are those of the author's immediate family, his father's two wives and his two Old Gran's single husband, the redoubtable Pin. The fairs, weddings, funerals, sports of Siam are superficially described, and young Chandruang's impressions of America seem chosen more because they are quaint than acutely perceptive. Disappointingly, his book says little to illumine the Thailand of today's bad news.

TRAIL OF AN ARTIST NATURALIST. The Autobiography of Ernest Thompson Seton. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

It is perhaps his training as a naturalist which causes the famous author, artist, and lecturer to go into such minute detail about himself, everybody he knew well or was related to, everything which happened to them (especially *him*), and the scenes amid which it happened. A great deal of it is quite enthralling, especially the description of the Canadian wilds in which Seton grew up. The photographs and illustrations of and by the author, are lavish. The book is a mine of interest; and yet, although one expects an autobiography to deal with its subject, one is left with the feeling that this one talks too much about Ernest Thompson Seton.

GREENLAND LIES NORTH. By William S. Carlson. The Macmillan Company. $3.

This book parallels in several ways Peter Freuchen's generally superior "Arctic Adventure." William Carlson with one companion went to Upernivik, Greenland, to establish a new station for the study of winter air currents. Their adventures acquire interest because of their importance to the author during the Arctic night, when the death of a dog, the lust of a native woman, or a birthday gift from his companion became significant beyond their normal proportions in the civilized world. Monotony was their greatest peril, the attrition of morale due to such isolation as can be known only in a land which is 90 per cent under ice and sunless for half the year. Despite the exclamation points, the style of it is as labored as if written with mittens—the drawings look as if they had been also—but it bears considerable informative matter for those of an encyclopedic mind.

DRAMA

Homicide as Fun

FUTURE students of the Spirit of the Age during the first half of the twentieth century will probably find no literary phenomenon more puzzling than the farce-melodrama. I can foresee them earnestly pointing out that while the comic relief of Elizabethan tragedy comes immediately to mind as a possible parallel, it is not really the same thing. Thus though Shakespeare and his contemporaries shocked classical taste they at least did not usually confuse the comic and the tragic, since the comic characters and the tragic ones were kept separate and we were supposed to stop laughing when the porter went off and Macbeth came on. During the early twentieth century, on the other hand, and at least as early as "Officer 666" and some of George M. Cohan's later works, it appears that the audience was expected to laugh when the corpse fell out of the closet and to regard the more extreme forms of violence as comic *per se.* Whether this astonishing fact is to be explained in terms of moral degradation and as the result of cardiac callosities induced by the public violence with which everyone had become familiar during the course of the then current collapse of civilization, or whether it had best be understood as a purely literary phenomenon and the natural final result of a refusal to keep the literary genres distinct, is a question still under dispute.

In any event, our historian will continue, all previous assaults upon mixed emotions were surpassed by a gruesome extravaganza called "Arsenic and Old Lace" which was written by one Joseph Kesserling, produced early in 1941 at the Fulton Theater, and reviewed in terms which indicated unmistakably that the majority of contemporary critics regarded it as perhaps the supreme masterpiece of the generation. The text makes strange reading. It is concerned primarily with two apparently harmless old ladies living in Brooklyn—a notoriously bourgeois section of New York

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City—who, because of a hereditary taint of insanity, have fallen into the habit of poisoning homeless old men who come seeking a lodging. They are assisted in disposing of the bodies by a nephew who believes that he is Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and the action of the play begins when an adopted nephew discovers what has been going on just at the moment when the household is further recruited by the appearance of a third nephew—a homicidal sadist escaped from an asylum in the company of a mad surgeon who carries a set of instruments with which he tortures victims for the entertainment of his companion.

The action can be imagined, or rather it probably cannot. In a moment of extraordinary insight one of the characters describes the events in progress as "what you would expect if Strindberg had written 'Hellzapoppin' "—the latter being a currently popular piece of clownage notorious for its irrational violence. But perhaps students of more familiar literary fields are more likely to find such scenes as that in which the mad doctor prepares to operate upon the helpless hero reminiscent of some of the outrageous scenes in the decadent tragedies of John Webster or of Cyril Tourneur; and, in fact, the final scene, which is reserved for a curtain call and which consists of a parade of the twelve corpses supposed to have been buried in the cellar before the play begins, is strikingly reminiscent of the dance of cadavers in "The Duchess of Malfi"—except of course that our later Webster expected his audience to be amused. Yet the critic of the staidest of the metropolitan newspapers, the New York *Times,* described the performance as "so funny none of us will ever forget it," while the *Herald Tribune* called it "the most riotously hilarious comedy of the season," and the *Sun's* critic protested, "you wouldn't believe homicidal mania could be so funny." To the *Mirror* it was "the season's No. 1 delight," while *PM* proclaimed roundly that "the theater, which is several thousand years old, has never produced anything quite like 'Arsenic and Old Lace.' " In fact, there seems to have been no dissent unless one wishes to count as such the remarks of the reviewer for *The Nation,* a somewhat old-fashioned weekly, who admitted that he had been considerably amused but suspected that the importance of the play had been overestimated. Since the tone of his paper was rather stuffily literary, and even well-worn allusions were considered to be ornaments, he added that whereas the possibility of considering murder as a fine art was as old as De Quincey, his own age was the first to regard it as frankly hilarious.

By a curious coincidence, continues the historian, the same week that first witnessed "Arsenic and Old Lace" also saw the first performance of "Mr. and Mrs. North" (Belasco Theater), another comic murder play, in this instance dramatized by Owen Davis, Jr., from a series of short stories written by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lockridge, the former of the coauthors being one of the critics quoted above. Though "Mr. and Mrs. North" is a comedy during the course of which two persons have their heads bashed in with a heavy blunt instrument, it is actually far less difficult to adjust oneself to, since the interest is centered chiefly, not upon death itself, but upon the complications which arise when a pleasant and harmless young couple find that their apartment has been selected, during their absence, as the scene of the murder. In fact, though melodramatic excitement is by no means absent, the play is first of all a charming light comedy about an attractive couple, and its originality lies in the shrewd and kindly domestic humor. Incidentally, it is very delightfully acted, especially by Peggy Conklin as the agreeably scatter-brained wife. Doubtless "Mr. and Mrs. North" is not unlike anything ever seen in the theater before. But I am not at all sure I do not prefer it to "Arsenic and Old Lace." Maybe there never was anything like the latter before because there was really no reason why there should have been.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DANCE

Repertory

AN EVENT of first importance to the dance was the inauguration this month of a season of dance repertory by the Humphrey-Weidman Company at their new studio-theater at 108 West Sixteenth Street, New York. On the stage of this theater, which is as large as the seating space and has full lighting and production facilities, they will present a program of new and old dances every Saturday and Sunday evening till June. On one Sunday evening each month straight theater dancing will be featured. This is the first such venture since that of the Dance Repertory Theater in 1930-31. The usual season for dancers contains little that contributes to their development—one or two performances at an uptown theater (a long, new work is always expected), a few recitals at the Y. M. C. A. or schools and colleges, six weeks, perhaps, on the road; the rest is studio, classes, rehearsals.

This repertory scheme was adopted after a ten-year trial of every possible channel for bringing dance to the public—not only by Charles Weidman and Doris Humphrey but also by most of the other leading modern dancers. Dances have been arranged for Broadway shows—"Lysistrata," "The School for Wives," Cornell's "Romeo and Juliet." Weidman and José Limon have danced and choreographed extensively in musical reviews like "Americana" and "As Thousands Cheer." This year Katherine Dunham's group is adapting its native Negro dancing to the score of "Cabin in the Sky." Until this winter Paul Draper has purveyed the beautiful stylizations of his J. S. (Yankee Doodle) Bach tap-dancing only through the medium of floor shows. The motion pictures, in their increasing use of dance, have absorbed a few performers, notably Agnes de Mille.

But none of these methods has proved really satisfactory. Not only are such opportunities quite uncertain, but also they finally demand too great dilution and compromise in the dancer's serious work. Though modern dance can work with plays and musicals, it cannot be made a mere entertaining adjunct to them. It has still to be generally understood that the best dancers—Graham, Humphrey, Weidman, Holm, Sokoloff, Tamiris—are not just a new, more gymnastic variety of dancing-master. Their technical preparation has been an arduous exploration; they have dredged riches from the deepest sources. Like a Picasso, a Stanislavsky, a Pound, or any other real artist, they need to be a part of a live creator-audience circuit. Only with an audience which takes them at their own definitions can they accomplish the testing, the remaking, the perfecting of their work-in-progress.

The dances offered by Humphrey and Weidman on their first programs suggest two particular advances that should be made through this repertory practice. Miss Humphrey is doing a new piece, "Song of the West." Like her most distinctive work, it follows that line of modern dance that is abstract, lyric, thematic, dance as a solo art, musical rather than dramatic. This phase has

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always been the most difficult for audiences. Poems, music, plays can be approached and studied in some secondary form. But a dance can be experienced only in performance. An opportunity to see many times over this new dance, as well as "Passacaglia," "New Dance," and others to be revived in the spring, should accomplish much to overcome the "difficulties" of communication of modern dancing. Anyone who has ever watched a dance over a long period knows it is a continual unfolding; the eyes see the patterns made in space, and from these a "meaning" communicates itself in its own kinesthetic terms. These dances are elaborately conceived and produced, and with each year of performance mature in every way. Seldom are they able to be done or seen as adequately as they merit.

The second benefit should emerge from dances like "The Shakers," and particularly from Weidman's "non-representational pantomimes" such as "On My Mother's Side." Here the indication of characterization and the use of spoken poetry represent the other chief direction of the modern dance: its movement toward a new theater form comparable to the experimentation of theater poets. Martha Graham's "Letter to the World," with a libretto made from Emily Dickinson's poems, is the most exciting effort made by a dancer so far; it was seen for the first time—probably the only time—in New York on January 20. With Yeats dead, with the Federal Theater throttled by the ire of Dies, with Eliot and Cocteau blacked out and Auden an émigré to radio drama, the "poetic theater" has lost its best torch-bearers. The dance now must carry the brunt of theater experimentation, which perhaps has certain advantages. From the frequent repertory production of such dances as those mentioned there may result that necessary accumulation of experience and fecundation of the imagination of poets, dancers, designers, and musicians from which in time the new theater synthesis will come.

At any rate, in one phase or another, the dance cannot but profit greatly by this venture. If it is successful, next season may bring similar setups for other companies, or possibly some merger. The Humphrey-Weidman Repertory, along with the Bennington Summer School of the Arts, now stands as one of the most hopeful efforts being made in this country to forward the real development of the dance and of the theater arts. SHERMAN CONRAD

RECORDS

IT IS a pleasure merely to watch the young New Friends of Music Orchestra, unlike the old New York Philharmonic-Symphony, play with interest in the occasion and willingness to contribute everything it has to give; and most of the time this year the orchestra has been a pleasure to hear. At the opening concert it glowed in Schönberg's marvelously scored Kammersymphonie No. 2 and was finesse itself in Stiedry's enchanting performance of Schubert's "Rosamunde" music; but apparently when Stiedry conducts Haydn, for whom he obviously has affection and understanding, something happens inside him that causes him to drive the orchestra with nervous intensity that produces harsh, wiry sonorities.

Stiedry has been more successful in creating the orchestra and getting it to play well than in finding music for it to play. The eighteenth century offers any number of works by Haydn and Mozart, Bach and Handel, for an orchestra of that size; the difficulty has been with the nineteenth century, which wrote for a large orchestra, and with the twentieth, which has produced bad music for orchestras of all sizes. And this difficulty has given us Schönberg's technically expert but valueless Kammersymphonie No. 2 and Schubert's immature Symphony No. 5 at the first concert; and a later program consisting of Ravel's "Ma mère l'Oye," Hindemith's Kammermusik for piano and orchestra, and Brahms's Serenade in A. But future programs look better, with Bach's Passion According to St. John and Art of Fugue and lots of Mozart.

Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E minor for organ (Peters Edition Vol. 3, No. 10), well played by Commette on a Columbia single disc (17243-D, $.75), I find to be an uninspired and unimpressive product of Bach's craftsmanship. But a Victor single (13498, $1) offers a good performance by Gustave Bret of the strange and moving Chorale Prelude "Das alte Jahr vergangen ist," together with the brief "Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier," and on the reverse side the beautiful vocal polyphony of the Benedictus from Lassus's Mass "Douce Mémoire," excellently sung by the Dijon Cathedral Choir under J. Samson. And Victor's Black Label volume of Madrigals, Motets, and Chansons (G-26, $2.50) offers further lovely examples of such polyphony in Weelkes's "We Shepherds Sing," "To Shorten Winter's Sadness," "Welcome Sweet Pleasure," Pilkington's "Diaphenia Like the Daffdowndilly," Vautor's "Sweet Suffolk Owl," Byrd's Lullaby, Palestrina's "Pater Noster," Lassus's "Sweet Maiden," de Wert's "Un jour je me'en allai," and more deeply affecting examples in Morales's "O vos omnes," de Sermisy's "O joli bois," Gibbons's "Silver Swan," Weelkes's "O Care Thou Wilt Despatch Me" and "Hence Care Thou Art Too Cruel." These are well sung by the Lee Jones Madrigal Singers except for the occasional tremolo and other inadequacies of one of the two sopranos.

Other Victor records offer Bjoerling's superb singing of "Di quella pira" and "Ah, si, ban mio coll' essere" from "Il Trovatore" (2136, $.75); Ulrica's aria "Re del abisso" from "Un Ballo in Maschera," sung in German by Margarethe Klose with beauty of voice and without the Teutonic style of Roswaenge's singing of the Barcarolle from the same opera (17560, $1); the Slumber Song from Rimsky-Korsakov's "May Night," well sung by Irene Jessner, and coupled with "It Is Near to Midnight" from Tschaikovsky's "Queen of Spades," in which there is more of the familiar Jessner tremolo and stridency (17559, $1). The Bayou Ballads of the Louisiana Plantations (Set 728, $2.75) may be more significant and exciting to others than they are to me. Most of the arrangements—the ones by Kurt Schindler—are in good taste; and they are well sung by Marguerite Castellanos Taggart. As for the symphony that Bizet wrote at seventeen (Set 721, $4.50), it is a neat job of symphonic construction with some manifestations of the charm and humor that I prefer to experience in the works of his artistic maturity.

The National Committee for Music Appreciation devotes two of its opera sets, twelve sides in all, to a number of what Tovey would call "bleeding chunks" of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," which give some of the best music in the opera. The orchestra plays well, but is blanketed by the singing, which is poor. The final set of the series offers as many of the arias and duets of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" as can be jammed on the records two on a side by speeding up the music. In addition this finely wrought music suffers from the complete lack of finesse in the singing, the thrown-together performances and the hastily made recording. And there are errors in labeling and confusion in the correlation of recorded music with printed text.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Addenda to "Who Owns the Future?"

Dear Sirs: Anent the letters of Lawrence Dennis, Max Lerner, and myself published in your issue of January 11, I feel that Lerner did not quite get the point of my letter to Dennis and was somewhat less than fair to him. It's no use dismissing Dennis as a "fascist." He admits it. His argument must be met on its merits, not by a label. And it's no use saying that Spengler was "sick" and that our culture is "well" and "strong." Spengler was right. Our culture is desperately ill. It will either be cured of its illness or die. But I didn't say that "socialism" and "fascism" are the same remedies. I said that "Caesarism" is the state *form* of the future.

By "Caesarism" I mean a world order in a world imperium in which government will cease to govern nation-states and local land plots and begin to govern the world as an economic and social unity. By "Caesarism" I also mean, not despotism, which is but one of its guises and one hateful to us both, but the supremacy of politics over business, leadership that leads, government that governs, mass values that people believe in, and militant social-mindedness—"totalitarian" in scope and efficacy if not in purpose. All these forms of power and tools of action are common to fascism and to any effective socialism. They are common to the modern tyrannies and to the "strong democratic state" we both would like to see. These are the prerequisities of survival in the twentieth century. They can be used, and are being used successfully, by the fascist tyrants to serve the ends of despotism and barbarism. If the ends of democracy are to be served, democrats must learn at once to do what must be done. Dennis is right when he says that most democrats are still unwilling to face the issue. They have therefore lost almost every battle for the last ten years.

There is no quarrel between Max Lerner and myself. But if there were, it would be precisely on the point of ends and means. He implores me to look to my means. I implore him to look to his. Dennis has already looked to his. No organization of political and military power in our world will prove viable and effective unless it rests upon a new economy ruled by a self-conscious, respected, and purposeful political élite wielding authority in areas far wider than the nations or even the "great powers" of today. This is so because our world has been made by a past which none of us can change. We can only change the future. I want to change the future and am therefore *not* an "intellectual defeatist" as *The Nation's* editors would have it.

"Socialism" and "internationalism" (or call them "totalitarianism" and "imperialism," "collectivism," and "federalism," or whatever you like) are the only workable weapons for changing the future. If the defenders of democracy know this and act upon it, they can still prevail. But not otherwise, and not by anything short of this. Popular heroism and sacrifice are not enough. Denouncing traitors and appeasers is not enough. "Capitalism," meaning the control of government by private business, and "nationalism," meaning the division of the world into rival sovereignties, must give way to a broader and better organization of men and women to serve democratic ends if democracy is to survive.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Williamstown, Mass., January 13

Dear Sirs: Professor Lerner chides his colleague Schuman for exchanging with me views on the current disintegration instead of getting out on the propaganda firing line. In so doing, Professor Lerner, unlike Professor Schuman, ignores my case. Briefly, it is that there is no use fighting for something that won't work. We fought for democracy twenty years ago. Since then we have failed to make it work satisfactorily, even to Professor Lerner. Now he attacks not this failure, nor even its causes, but only its consequences, such as the new 'isms, particularly Nazism.

He misjudges me when he infers that I aspire only to the role of an ivory-tower Cassandra. I desist from appeal to the masses merely because I realize the impossibility of competing in propaganda with those who advocate going to war. The next war is always easy to sell. Steps to avert it are not. The Lerners and the Roosevelts are preaching a holy war. It is a crusade against sin and for righteousness, "everywhere." The sinners are the nations—Germany, Russia, Italy, and Japan—engaged in creative social experiments and expansionist enterprises. The righteous are the British and ourselves, who, since our last victory for our system, have failed to make it work. Obviously, one cannot make good propaganda against "righteousness" or for peace with "sin." One must wait until experience has changed the mass mind as to what is good and what is evil.

Professor Lerner disregards my forecast that the Roosevelt holy war will be a failure. My reasons are that the poor and the wicked we shall have with us always and that Utopia is a place which does not exist. My case is based on experience; that of Professor Lerner on faith, hope, and wishful thinking. When the failure of the Lerner-Roosevelt holy war has taught its lesson, I shall be able to make propaganda—not against that war, which will then be past history, but against its instigators in our midst.

It is interesting to know that Professor Lerner agrees with me that the barbarians are bound to win. He writes, "Let us leave him [Dennis] with his dreams, sitting for the moment in his ivory tower writing for his limited public, until the barbarians do with him what in Europe they have done with the Strassers and Rauschnings and other men of brains and good impulses who have cleared the way for them." It is good to have Professor Lerner thus admit that his is a lost cause. I am not now concerned about what the barbarians will do to either of us. I only want to be sure that they will win. Lerner comforts himself with the hope that the barbarians will liquidate me because I am an intellectual and a rationalist. It seems to me that rationality is with the survivors, and especially with what survives. Stalin's policy seems calculated to aggrandize Russia and to spread communism; hence, for Stalin's purposes it is rational. With these purposes I have no sympathy.

The purposes of Roosevelt and Lerner cannot be served by a war which cannot enrich America or preserve the system to which they are attached. Hence, I find such a war irrational. Germany and Japan have a chance of creating by the sword vast empires in their respective areas. I do not say they will. I have no sympathy with their

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attempt to do so. I only say that such empires have been so created and maintained over long periods in the past. I assume this will happen again in the future. I also say, very emphatically, that the Lerner-Roosevelt empire "everywhere" of "righteousness"—freedom of religion, freedom of speech, and freedom from want—has never been created either by the sword or the gospel, or by the two operating hand in hand. I assume that this cannot happen in the future.

Lerner's idealization of democracy in the past is as unreal as his ideal of democracy for the future. He admits, with me, that American democracy has been capitalism, yet he finds capitalism not worth fighting for. The democracy he cherishes was but one phase. That phase is now gone forever. The new phase of democracy is totalitarianism. We are entering this world-wise phase by declaring war on totalitarianism and going totalitarian in order to wage the war. I am doing nothing to bring on the new phase. Rather I would retard it by keeping America out of war. Professor Lerner is denouncing the new phase. At the same time he is hastening it by crusading for American intervention in the war.

LAWRENCE DENNIS

Short of War— What Does It Mean?

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on financing Britain, in the issue of December 14, begins an analysis of American policy without carrying it through. "Either the interests of this country are vitally affected by the outcome of Britain's struggle or they are not." The implications of this sentence are larger than the editorial indicates, or than many of us have realized. The realization would upset our slogan of all aid to Britain short of war, a comfortable phrase which has won almost universal agreement. I submit that this agreement is now profoundly dangerous, because the slogan will not bear analysis.

What do we mean by short of war? Do we mean that we are not going to get into war in any circumstances? Obviously not, since we are spending billions on armament. Do we mean that we shall not fight until this hemisphere is attacked? Assume that we do, and can answer the awkward question of where the hemisphere has its military frontiers. Then why aid to Britain, when such aid makes us an increasingly active participant in the war, and thereby increases our danger in the event of a German victory? To this there seems only one answer: that we have a subsidiary national interest in British survival, at least until our hemispheric defenses are prepared—an interest for which we are unwilling to fight but willing to increase our risk in the immediate future. Britain, in short, is our first line of defense, and worth defending only to the last Briton.

This is a tenable position. But many Americans do not consider that it is peace with honor; many feel that it jeopardizes, for the sake of the present, our national interests in the future, much as England and France did theirs from 1933 to 1939. Hence this interpretation of the slogan, whatever its merits or demerits, is not one on which we are agreed.

Another interpretation is possible: that our national interest in British survival is vital enough to be worth not only aid short of war, but war itself if necessary. Then what do we mean by "if necessary"? Presumably that we shall intervene if and when the alternative is British defeat, and not before. This is a logical position. But it is not a practical one, because such intervention is prohibitively difficult. In the first place, a military crisis is almost certain to develop too fast for effective action by us. In the second, no one can say whether we shall have clear-cut alternatives, or be able to recognize them if we have: do we fight to keep the shipping lanes open? or the Germans out of Turkey? or Gibraltar? or England? The only practical course is to obviate the chance of British defeat by the most effective means in our power, short of nothing. Those who grant that British survival is worth war, if necessary, are thereby forced to an unconditional slogan: all aid to Britain. This is a position which many Americans take, and many refuse to take; it is thus one on which we are far from agreed.

Our apparent unity of thought is in fact the evasion of thought. We have accepted a slogan as a substitute for reasoning. There was another slogan, years ago, about making the world safe for democracy; we accepted it, fought for it, and forgot it, all without knowing what it really meant. Our current slogan is less challenging, but again we do not know what it means. These are days when we are making decisions which will affect our destiny for generations; it is therefore the duty of a citizen to think out his position for himself. Our slogan is not a position, but only an excuse for not finding one. If thinking produces disagreement, it also produces in time an intelligible policy. The unthinking acceptance of a phrase produces nothing but danger.

W. B. WILLCOX

Williamstown, Mass., January 8

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